

IN DEFIANCE OF THE LAW!

Who is this bold "Revolutionary Character," who dares so much! Has he no fear of the insulted Majesty which he defies! What does he intend to build up in the place of the social edifice of which he tears away the chief pillar?

Here is his portrait, gentle reader. He does not look sanguinary or destructive. There is even an air of benevolence about him. He is no blood-thirsty Nebraska, or Anti-Nebraska, politician. He merely risks his property and liberty in the effort to get something for the present need.

In Boston, for fear lest the inhabitants should impoverish themselves by giving to beggars (who would come to them from more southern regions, perhaps), the law will not tolerate their occupation. Let us tell a story, which only in part belongs to the subject.

In a Western paper, some years ago, was an account, by a returned traveller, of a visit to Boston,—in which he says, that, after breakfasting in the Adams House, he lighted a cigar, and walked into the street. He had not gone twenty rods, when a

police officer tapped him on the shoulder, and said, that smoking in the streets of Boston was against the law. Throwing away his cigar, he thought himself a good citizen, but the officer said the fine was two dollars. So he took out a five dollar note, and received a three in exchange. A few squares farther, he was stopped by a poor man, who said, that he and his daughter (there they are!) had eaten nothing since some very distant period. Our traveller recollecting a large remainder of gingerbread he had bought in the cars on his journey, took it from his pocket, and gave it to *our hero*. But his benevolent satisfaction was chilled by the police officer coming up, and saying, that it was against the law to give anything to beggars—and that "the offal belonged to the city," (we have heard of city feasts,)—and that the fine was two dollars. The traveller presented his three dollar note—and was offered a one in change. "Nay," said he, "you might as well keep it; presently I shall want to sneeze."

This is the tail-piece to our present volume—and a very good one it is.

From the Athenæum.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Nor half a century since, when the larger number of our English Dissenters sparingly accepted the Poet unless his song were sacred or in pure contemplation of Nature—the venerable man whose death we record among the events of the last few days, held a place in the eyes of the English public—universal as well as sectarian—not far behind Campbell—by the side of Lisle Bowles and Milman—and before such lesser lights as Carrington and Crowe. This generation knows less than its predecessor of the poems of James Montgomery, of Sheffield. Some have adopted Pollok as their religious poet elect, others have taken Keble as their bosom friend. But the author of 'The West Indies,' 'The World before the Flood,' and 'Greenland,' is still not forgotten in spite of these shiftings of the shrine at which religious Fashion chooses to burn its incense:—and his vogue may one day return,—the sooner because it was merited by the genuine gifts of the poet as well as by the eloquence of the class preacher.

James Montgomery, we find from a memoir published some five-and-twenty years ago, was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, in 1771—one of three children. His parents were Moravians,

and his father and mother shortly after having placed their son at the Moravian school at Fulneck in Yorkshire, undertook a missionary voyage to the West Indies, and both perished there of the climate. The boy was carefully educated—with some liberality as regards the objects of study—but he was severely secluded from all save sectarian influences; and the taste for poetry, which showed itself at a very early age, had to feed itself on such rhymes as he could imagine for himself—such "selections" from Milton, Thomson and Young as were allowed to be read in the school, or such books as Montgomery could procure and enjoy by stealth. He remained at Fulneck for ten years, it being the wish of "the Brethren" to train him for the ministry. But against this disposition of himself the boy protested with might and main, and those who trained him had sense enough not to bind an unwilling servant to the slavery of the altar. He was put out to trade at Mirfield, in Yorkshire;—but neither would he be a trader; since, after a year's trial—when he was but sixteen—he ran away from his first master; and after another year of service with a second (to which he seems to have been compelled by necessity) he again broke loose from this unwelcome constraint. Introducing himself by means of a MS. volume of poems, to Mr. Harrison of Paternoster

ter Row, he came up to London, and was for eight months a clerk in that gentleman's book-selling establishment:—finding, it would seem, clerkship to be a dreary drudgery, here as elsewhere, he made his way back to his second Yorkshire master at the end of eight months—in 1792—beginning that connection with the *Sheffield Register*, subsequently the *Sheffield Iris*, which lasted during so many years of his active life, and which, towards its commencement, introduced him to some of his hardest experiences. For the young days of Montgomery's journalism were hard times for persons who professed liberal opinions and tendencies. Mr. Gales, the proprietor of the *Sheffield Register*, drew down Government aversion on his paper; and to avoid prosecution, found it necessary to leave England; and though Montgomery, who succeeded him, is said to have been more temperate in his editorship, he was also more gifted and therefore more obnoxious. A political ballad which was published at the *Iris* office "in commemoration of the destruction of the Bastille," being taken as pretext, Montgomery was laid hold of, convicted of sedition, and imprisoned in York Castle for three months, in 1795. In the year following, a report in his paper of a Sheffield riot, during which two men were killed by the soldiery, was found to warrant a libel prosecution, conviction, and a second imprisonment of six months. These, however, were the Poet's last political troubles. On the one side it was recognized that he had been harshly persecuted,—on the other, the subsequent course of his writings made it evident that rancour, controversy and "agitation" were not to be his leading objects in life. He remained to the last always on the side of Philanthropic freedom—not like certain men among his contemporaries, turning from Republicanism to High Church orthodoxy. With riper years came increased temperance, and perhaps, too, the conviction that a Poet can serve the cause of truth and liberty in other ways than by the war songs of a *Tyrtæus* or the caustic language of a *Thersites*.

About nine years after this second imprisonment, James Montgomery commenced his career as a popular writer, by publishing 'The Wanderer of Switzerland,' which appeared in 1806. It was the fortune of this poem to be attacked in the *Edinburgh Review*, and to be warmly defended by Byron.—'The Wanderer' was followed by 'The West Indies,' 'The World before the Flood,' 'Greenland,' and the 'Pelican Island,' at considerable intervals. Montgomery also produced prose, lectured on poetry, and won for himself not merely a local popularity among the worthies of Yorkshire as "a good man and true,"—but a place and a pedestal among the authors of England. His larger poems, though belonging to that dispensation under which sonority of cadence and pomp of words were more cultivated than thought or fancy, may be returned to, even in these days, by all large-minded readers of verse, because of a certain harmony in their numbers, an elevation of tone and sentiment, and a feeling for the picturesque in description. His lyrics

and minor verses are of higher merit. Without reaching the freshness and originality of Wordsworth's short poems, they are far in advance on 'The Poplar Field,' and 'The Rose,' and 'The Morning Dream,' and the Olney Hymns of Cowper, which in their day were so much admired and so largely cited. 'Moonlight in York Castle,' 'The Grave,' the verses to 'the Memory of Joseph Browne,' the Quaker martyr, and "The Common Lot" (to name only a few among many), have a feeling and a sincerity, consistent with sweetness of cadence and elevation (if not subtlety) of imagination. They are not canting; they are not cold; they are not weak; they have a faith and a truth in them beyond the conventions of any creed shaped by well-meaning human formality. Montgomery's prose, so far as we know it, was genial, kindly, and direct in the expression of purpose and judgment, but not vigorous!

ORIGINAL WORDS OF OLD SCOTCH AIRS.—Can any one tell me where the original words of many fine old Scotch airs are to be found? The wretched verses of Allan Ramsey and others of the same school, are adapted to the "Yellow-haired Laddie," "Erick Banks," "The Bush aboon Traquair," "Mary Scott," and hundreds of others. There must exist old words to many of these airs, which at least will possess some local characteristics, and be a blessed change from the "nymphs" and "swains," the "Stephens" and "Lythias," which now pollute and degrade them. Any information on this subject will be received most thankfully. I particularly wish to recover some old words to the air of "Mary Scott." The only verse I remember is this,—

"Mary's black and Mary's white,  
Mary is the king's delight;  
The king's delight and the prince's marrow,  
Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow."

*Notes and Queries.*

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—The following extract from *Tatler*, No. 155, April 6, 1710, appears remarkable, considering the events of the present day:

"The chief politician of the Bench was a great assertor of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, 'that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation.' To this he added, 'that, for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture.' He then told us, 'that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those,' says he 'are Prince Menzicoff and the Duchess of Mirandola.' He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions."—

*Notes and Queries.*

[From the Journal of Psychological Medicine.

## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF OPIUM EATING.

BY JAMES BOWER HARRISON, F.R.C.S., ETC.

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&c. &c.*

OPIUM! *oios*, the juice, *par excellence*! Who has not some recollection of opium? The very name brings to the mind the sick-bed of former years. The little night-draught which, with magic spell, relaxed the severity of pain, and chased away the clouds which hung over the serenity of the mind. We still remember how the kind nurse came with friendly and female care to administer the potion, and how, as night wore away, the anguish was softened—and curious faces seemed to peep round the curtains of our beds, and fancies, alien to our accustomed thoughts, mingled in our dreams until consciousness was lost, and blessed sleep for a while prevailed over the tyranny of disease. We are familiar, indeed, with these effects, but there is something very remarkable in them. That ease should be procured by the juice of a poppy! that the wonderful mind should be influenced by a cause so apparently insignificant! The great John Hunter exclaimed, Thank God for opium! and it is an undoubted blessing that the Creator should have permitted such an antidote to the sufferings of mankind.

How extraordinary is the human mind! how elevated in comprehension,—how god-like in sympathy,—and yet the human mind may be rendered joyous or fierce, wild or torpid—foolish or entranced, by such agents as alcohol or opium! Spiritual, indeed, we are, but how curiously is our spirituality mixed up with the gross and material. A miserable and despairing being, shall, under the influence of such an agent, be transferred to a paradise of joy, and yet his real condition be not a whit the less destitute. After all, there is something more in this than our philosophy can reach, but it teaches one piece of philosophy, that it is the state of the mind, rather than external circumstances, which constitutes happiness.

In this country opium is taken in the majority of instances for the purpose of obtaining sleep, or mitigating pain, or obviating the effects of exhaustion and loss of blood. But it seems also to have a singular effect on the human mind in exalting the ideas, and producing visions—an effect which has been rudely, and perhaps somewhat wrongly, compared to intoxication—of this latter property, medical writers have not entered very largely; for their experience has obviously been chiefly of its narcotic qualities, both from the mode in which they have administered it, and the intention which

they have had in view. It seems that if opium is taken in comparatively small and frequently repeated doses, it produces excitement and pleasurable feelings before it occasions stupor. The capability of receiving excitement from it is probably increased by habit, somewhat in the same manner that alcoholic liquors give most pleasure to those who are in some degree habituated to them. Certain constitutions are, also, no doubt more favourable to the production of these effects than others. It is only by such considerations that the surprising effects related of opium eating in the East, can be reconciled to the experience of the profession at large in this country. But if the effects of opium are thus pleasurable in the first instance—the necessity of continuing the stimulus—the slavery of habit (the most abject of all the slaveries) and the degradation and wretchedness which eventually ensue, are a terrible punishment. How dreadful the tyranny of a habit which insensibly coils itself, like a deadly snake, round the victim which it fascinates, until escape is impossible. Education, talents, refinement of mind, all are in vain—the embrace of the destroyer is in too many folds to be untwisted;—at length the fascination is gone, and the glaring eyes of a fiend are upon him for ever. Even sleep—that balm of hurt minds—that nurse of nature—that chief nourisher in life's feast—even sleep is gone, and all the pure affections are poisoned, or turned to bitterness;—the simplicity of children,—the love of woman,—the peacefulness of religion—they are no more.

We shall consider these effects chiefly as as they are evidenced in two memorable instances, which are, indeed, the type of others and of all. Every one knows that in the East, the exhilarating properties of opium have been greatly abused. Mr. Madden, in his "Travels in Turkey," &c., gives a brief description of the opium eaters in Constantinople. The coffee-houses in which they assemble, are situated in a large square, and on the benches outside the door they sit and indulge in the reveries to which the drug gives rise. He states that their gestures were wild, their features flushed, and their talk incoherent. Some, however, addressed eloquent discourses to the bystanders, and others appeared to be enjoying the most beatific idees. Mr. Madden was himself desirous of experiencing the effects. He first took one grain of opium, but an hour and a half elapsed without any perceptible effect. The keeper of the coffee-house wished to give him two grains more, but he only consented to half this quantity. However, he subsequently took an additional quantity of two grains, and then he became sensibly

excited. Everything now appeared enlarged in volume—there was a sort of curious expansion of mind and matter. But Mr. Madden discovered that the pleasure was chiefly derived from external objects, and that when he closed his eyes the same feelings were no longer excited. He now determined to make his way home as fast as possible, but as he went he feared to commit some extravagance. He was hardly sensible that his feet touched the ground, but seemed to slide along as if propelled by some invisible agency, which rendered his body lighter than the air. The moment he got home he went to bed, but the same delightful visions filled his mind all the night. The next day, however, he rose pale and dispirited, with headache and feebleness, so that he was all that day confined to the sofa. Mr. Madden speaks of the practice as extremely injurious to the opium eaters themselves—they lose their appetites—become feeble and tremulous—their necks wry, and their fingers contracted—they are perfectly miserable until the hour arrives for the gratification of their indulgence. Dr. Oppenheim, a German writer, makes a similar statement—"The habitual opium eater," says he, "is instantly recognized by his appearance—a total attenuation of body, a withered yellow countenance, a lame gait, a bending of the spine, frequently to such a degree as to assume a circular form, and glassy deep sunken eyes, betray him at first glance."\* Dr. Oppenheim mentions that the habit is almost impossible to break, but those who make the attempt, ingeniously mix their pills with wax, and daily diminish the quantity of opium until nothing but the wax remains. But I shall now pass on to give some notice of the life of a great poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a man of uncommon talent and extensive learning. Perhaps it may be remembered that he was the author of that wild but beautiful poem, the "Ancient Mariner," which begins in this curious strain:—

"It was an Ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three;  
By thy long gray beard, and glittering eye,  
Now, wherefore, stopp'st thou me?"

I shall not pretend to give any regular account of the life of Coleridge, but content myself with such few particulars as may give interest to what follows:—Coleridge was born in Devonshire, and was the youngest son of the Rev. John Coleridge, who was the Vicar of the parish of St. Mary Ottery, his native place. His education was first conducted at Christ's Hospital, and subsequently at Cambridge, under

the Rev. James Bowyer. There is something singular in the fact, that Mr. Coleridge, like Mr. De Quincey, ran away from his scholastic pursuits. During the time that Coleridge was at Cambridge, he fell in love with a young woman who rejected his addresses. This produced so much effect upon his mind that, in a fit of despondency, he ran away to London. Here he enlisted as a common soldier, in a regiment of horse, assuming the somewhat awkward name of Silas Tomken Cumberbatch. Mr. Coleridge was far from acquitting himself well in this new capacity. He was unable to rub down his horse with credit, and is said to have been assisted by a companion, in return for which service, he wrote love stanzas, that his friend might appear well in the eyes of his sweetheart. He did not succeed much better as a rider than as a groom, and sometimes, to the amusement of his associates, in mounting on one side of his horse he fell over on the other. The manner in which he got extricated from his military service is on a par with the rest of his adventures. One day he happened to hear some of the officers quoting, or rather mis-quoting, a passage of Euripides, and touching his cap, he ventured, in a very respectful manner, to set them right. This, of course, led to inquiry as to his former life, and in the end he was taken to the medical department at the hospital, from which his friends ultimately removed him. Mr. Coleridge, in his literary biography, gives us an amusing picture of his early efforts to establish himself in life. He was persuaded, in the first instance, to commence a periodical under the title of the "Watchman," and set out to Birmingham to solicit subscriptions. He had first an interview with a tallow-chandler, to whom he expatiated on his project. But the tallow-chandler was a man on whom all the rhetoric of Coleridge was lost. "And what, sir," he said, after a pause, "might the cost be?" "Only fourpence," replied Coleridge; "and O!" he adds, "how I felt the anti-climax. the abysmal bathos of that fourpence. Only fourpence each number, to be published on every eighth day." "That comes" said the chandler, "to a deal of money at the end of the year, and how much was there to be for the money?" "Thirty-two pages, sir, large octavo, closely printed—thirty-two pages." "Bless me! why, except what I do in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever reads, sir, all the year round. I am as great a one as any man in Birmingham, sir, for liberty and truth and all them sort of things; but as to this (no offence, I hope, sir,) I must beg to be excused." Coleridge soon found that to be an author by profession is to live a most arduous as well as

\* See Pereira, "Materia Medica," vol. ii. p. 1746.



unprofitable life, and he writes feelingly upon this point in the way of advice to others. He had soon an amusing proof of the unsaleableness of his own writing, for rising one morning earlier than usual, he found the servant girl lighting the fire with an extravagant quantity of paper. On offering a gentle remonstrance, poor Mary replied, "La! sir! why, it's only the *Watchman*." I need not here enter into a systematic account of the various publications which established the fame of Coleridge; the success of his literary and poetical career is sufficiently known to the world. But talents and learning do not ensure happiness nor prosperity. The excitement of genius is not always compatible with the tranquillity of domestic life, nor always consistent with the steady progress of pecuniary advancement. The subtleties of metaphysics, and the grandeur of poetical conceptions, did not avail Coleridge in the acquisition of fortune. He began to experience the pressure of poverty, but he also experienced a greater misfortune in seeking to restore his bodily and mental energies by recourse to opium. To how great an extent he carried this habit will shortly appear from some letters which are published by his friend, Mr. Cottle, in his "Early Recollections of Coleridge." Mr. Cottle apologises for offering these letters to the public, on the ground of their extreme value; and indeed, it was the expressed wish of Coleridge that his example should, as far as possible, be made a warning to others. Mr. Cottle states, that as soon as he suspected the real nature of Mr. Coleridge's misfortunes, and their connection with his practice of opium eating, he wrote him a long and earnest letter, begging him to renounce the dreadful habit; and so greatly was Mr. Cottle struck with the importance of the revelations to which his letter led, that he says, speaking of his account of Mr. Coleridge's infirmity—"It is consolatory to believe, that had I written nothing else, this humble but unflinching narrative would be as evidence that I had not lived in vain."\* The following is the reply which Mr. Coleridge addressed to Mr. Cottle:—

"April 26th, 1814.—You have poured oil in the raw and festering wound of an old friend's conscience, Cottle! but it is oil of vitriol! I but barely glanced at the middle of the first page of your letter, and have seen no more of it—not from resentment (God forbid!) but from the state of my bodily and mental sufferings, that scarcely permitted human fortitude to let in a new visitor of affliction. The object of my present reply is, to state the case just as it is—

\* "Early Recollections," page 138.

first, that for ten years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger staring, but the consciousness of my guilt worse, far worse, than all! I have prayed with drops of agony on my brow; trembling, not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. 'I gave thee so many talents, what hast thou done with them?' Secondly, overwhelmed as I am with a sense of my direful infirmity, I have never attempted to disguise or conceal the cause. On the contrary, not only to friends have I stated the whole case with tears, and the very bitterness of shame; but in two instances I have warned young men, mere acquaintances, who had spoken of having taken laudanum, of the direful consequences, by an awful exposition of its tremendous effects on myself. Thirdly, though before God I cannot lift up my eyelids, and only do not despair of his mercy, because to despair would be adding crime to crime, yet to my fellow men I may say, that I was seduced to the accursed habit ignorantly. I had been almost bed-ridden for many months with swelling in my knees. In a medical journal, I unhappily met with an account of a cure performed in a similar case (or what appeared to me so) by rubbing in of laudanum, at the same time taking a given dose internally. It acted like a charm, like a miracle! I recovered the use of my limbs, of my appetite, of my spirits, and this continued for near a fortnight. At length the unusual stimulus subsided, the complaint returned,—the supposed remedy was recurred to—but I cannot go through the dreary history. Suffice it to say, that effects were produced which acted on me by terror and cowardice of pain, and sudden death, not (so help me God!) by any temptation of pleasure, or desire of exciting pleasurable sensations. On the very contrary, Mrs. Morgan and her sister will bear witness so far as to say, that the longer I abstained, the higher my spirits were—the keener my enjoyments—till the moment, the direful moment arrived, when my pulse began to palpitate, and such a dreadful falling abroad, as it was, of my whole frame, such intolerable restlessness and incipient bewilderment, that in the last of my several attempts to abandon the dire poison, I exclaimed in agony, which I now repeat in seriousness and solemnity—'I am too poor to hazard this.' Had I but a few hundred pounds; but £200, half to send to Mrs. Coleridge, and half to place myself in a private *mad-house*, where I could procure nothing but what a physician thought proper, and where a medical attendant could be constantly with me for two or three months (in less than that time life or death would be determined), then there

might be hope—now there is none!! O God! how willingly would I place myself under Dr. Fox, in his establishment; for my case is a species of madness, only that it is a derangement, an *utter impotence of the volition*, and *not of the intellectual faculties*. You bid me rouse myself; go bid a man paralytic in both arms to rub them briskly together, and that will cure him. 'Alas!' he would reply, 'that I cannot move my arms is my complaint and my misery.' May God bless you, and your affectionate but most afflicted—S. T. COLERIDGE."

In Mr. Coleridge's account of his melancholy state, we have an admirable description of the peculiar condition into which certain minds may be brought by the influence of habit. He has happily expressed a psychological truth—that there is a form of insanity, or infirmity of mind, which consists in an *utter impotence of volition*: the patient himself is anxious to escape the dominion of some particular propensity, and is alive to the imbecility under which he labors. Thus, many have felt compelled to shelter themselves under the protection of stronger or better regulated minds, and even found satisfaction in yielding their liberty for the safety they acquired in return. Perhaps no subject is of more importance than that of the dominion of habit. It is strange to think that the strongest habits have been built up by separate and isolated instances. We suppose that we can do wrong as long as we choose, and withdraw unhurt. We contemplate the monster afar off, whilst the infernal web is being spun around us, and when we seek to retire we are engaged in its interminable toils. Each act by which the habit was acquired was of our own free will, but being acquired, our will seems suspended. The acts are then half involuntary, and the mind is only partially cognizant of them or important to oppose them. Happily in some few cases strong and well directed efforts break the chains which bind the victim, but more often the mind sinks in weak and ineffectual struggles—contemplating its own misery whilst passing into the jaws of destruction. Yet there is this consolation in the law of habit, that it may lead to good as well as bad results.

"That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,  
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this:  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock or livery  
That aptly is put on."

It would be a curious subject to speculate as to the number of repetitions which are necessary to constitute a habit, but however interesting such speculation might be, we must here return to the unfortunate Cole-

ridge. In another letter, he says,—“Dear Cottle,—I have resolved to place myself in any situation, in which I can remain for a month or two, as a child, wholly in the power of others. But alas! I have no money! Will you invite Mr. Wood (a most dear and affectionate friend to worthless me); and Mr. Le Breton, my old school-fellow, and likewise a most affectionate friend; and Mr. Wade, who will return in a few days; desire them to call on you any evening after seven o'clock that they can make convenient, and consult with them whether anything of this kind can be done. Do you know Dr. Fex? Affectionately, S. T. C.”

“I have to prepare my lecture, oh! with how blank a spirit!”\*

It is indeed lamentable to see the fine talents of Coleridge thus reduced, and his very capability of writing rendered abortive by internal misery. “I cannot” (says he, in one place) “as is feigned of the nightingale, sing with my breast against a thorn.” We see him with health destroyed, money wasted, and domestic happiness sacrificed, oppressed with debt, and with independence gone. He who carried away prizes at the University, and was the admiration of all who could estimate genius. Who shall say he is safe, if genius can thus succumb? His “tottering step and glassy eye” told of the miserable servitude into which habit had drawn him. Sir Humphrey Davy had well described the instability of his mental constitution, when he compared “the brilliant images of greatness which floated on his mind” to the images of morning clouds mirrored on the waters, “which are agitated by every breeze, and modified by every sunbeam.” It may be supposed that strenuous efforts were made by Mr. Coleridge's friends to reclaim him. Medical assistance was procured, and by the kind intervention of Mr. Josiah Wade, of Bristol, a respectable person was procured to live with him, and exercise a constant surveillance over him, both by night and by day. But even this plan failed, for, as Mr. Coleridge confessed afterwards, he managed still to obtain the laudanum by secret and dexterous means. On one occasion as he was passing along a quay with his attendant, he pointed to a ship, and requested the man to see whether it was an American vessel. The man assured him that it was not, but being requested to step over and ascertain, he left Mr. Coleridge for a short time, during which Mr. Coleridge ran to a druggist's and obtained a supply of laudanum in a bottle which he always carried in his pocket. Amongst the kind friends who generously aided Mr. Coleridge with pecuniary assistance, was Mr. De

\* “Early Recollections,” page 162.

Quincey, the well-known author of the "Confessions of an Opium Eater." Mr. De Quincey early discovered the talents of Mr. Coleridge, and learning from Mr. Cottle, that he was in embarrassed circumstances, at once offered him £500. Mr. Cottle thought the sum too large to be presented in the first instance, and it was finally arranged that £300 should be given. Mr. De Quincey, with the delicacy characteristic of his gifted mind, desired that his own name should not transpire, and that the present should be made as coming from an unknown admirer of the genius of Coleridge.—The quantity of laudanum which Mr. Coleridge took was amazingly large, and consequently the expense considerable. For years, the purchase of opium had exceeded £2 10s. per week. He was in the habit of taking from two quarts of laudanum a week to a pint a day; and on one occasion he had been known to take a quart of laudanum in twenty-four hours.\* These statements would almost appear incredible, even upon the respectable authority of Mr. Cottle, were it not for some similar accounts given by the distinguished toxicologist, Dr. Christison, and the late eminent Dr. Pereira.—I must be pardoned one more quotation, for the following letter is so valuable that I cannot bring myself to omit it. It is addressed to Mr. Wade, and is dated Bristol, June 26th, 1814.—"Dear sir, for I am unworthy to call any good man friend, much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused; accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness and your prayers. Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive what is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have. I used to think the text in St. James, that 'he who offended in one point offends in all,' very harsh; but now I feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one *crime of opium*, what crime have I not made myself guilty of? Ingratitude to my Maker! and to my benefactors—injustice! and unnatural cruelty to my poor children! Self-contempt for my repeated promise-breach, nay, too often actual falsehood! After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that, at least, some little good may be effected by the direful example! May God Almighty bless you, and

\* "Early Recollections," page 169.

have mercy on your still affectionate and, in his heart, grateful,—S. T. COLERIDGE."\*

This letter is worthy of being preserved, if for no other, for this reason, that it bears evidence of the sacred truth—that if we would be virtuous and happy, we must make no exception for a favourite vice—for a *venial* fault—one break in the harmony of virtue, and the whole is unhinged—one link unfastened, and the whole chain falls into pieces. Let no one think that he will be good, *with one exception*. If we offend in one point, we shall soon offend in all, for the fine sense of right is gone, and the integrity of virtue can bear no division. Coleridge died on the 25th of July, 1834, having written for himself the following epitaph.

"Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God! And read with gentle breast—Beneath this sod A poet lies, or that which once seemed he; Oh, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C. ! That he who many a year with toil of breath Found death in life, may here find life in death! Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame He asked and hoped through Christ—Do thou the same."

It is somewhat remarkable, that one who so destroyed the serenity of his own natural sleep by narcotic drugs, should be the author of these beautiful lines,—

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole.  
To Mary, Queen, the praise be given:  
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven  
That slid into my soul."

The effect of habitual opium taking, on health and longevity, has been a subject of legal consideration. A remarkable trial took place in relation to some assurances effected by the late Earl of Mar in the Edinburgh Life Assurance Company. The company discovered, on the death of the earl, that he had been in the habit of taking opium to a large amount, and, on that ground refused to pay the insurance. The case was decided against the company on the presumption that they had not been sufficiently careful in their preliminary inquiries as to his habits. Dr. Christison, who was concerned as a medical witness in this case, was led, in the course of his investigation, to some interesting data, both in respect to the frequency of this habit, and its effect on the duration of life. It must be confessed that, from these inquiries, opium does not seem so rapidly destructive as might be supposed; but there is no revelation made as to the misery in which life was passed; and, in all probability, a vast number of fatal cases

\* It is pleasing to be able to state that Coleridge eventually overcame the habit of opium taking.

have been in more than one sense *buried* in oblivion. However, Dr. Christison's cases are replete with interest, and will be read by those who are concerned in similar inquiries with the greatest advantage. He gives a short statement of the ages of the opium-eaters and the quantities of opium taken. It would appear that many reached advanced periods of life, such as fifty or sixty, after fifteen, twenty, or thirty years of this lamentable practice. One old woman who died at Leith at the age of eighty, had taken half an ounce of laudanum daily for nearly forty years, and enjoyed tolerably good health all the time. Another, who died at seventy-six, had taken about the same quantity, and for the same time. Very many such statements are made, but I conceive they are exceptions from a general rule, and that the health was by no means so good as was represented; for in some instances these persons are stated to have given up the opium for intervals, which they would scarcely have done if it had contributed to pleasure without impairing the health. Dr. Christison must be himself aware that a long list of drunkards might be made who had escaped the evils consequent on their habits, and who have died at an advanced age. Such statements, however, are interesting chiefly as matters of curiosity; and the example, as the poet says, "more honored in the breach than the observance."

The next page in the history of opium eating is revealed in the "Confessions of an Opium Eater." This extraordinary book is written in so pleasing a style, and so nicely blended with narrative, that it is impossible not to be interested with it. The writer, De Quincey, is evidently a man of highly cultivated mind, and of vivid imagination, and has invested the subject of opium with all the charms of elegant composition and powerful delineation. But we cannot avoid feeling persuaded that, in the retrospect of his life and of his feelings, he has given too poetical a coloring to the picture, or at least kept subdued in the background those more repulsive features which startle us in the confessions of Coleridge. Endowed with a fertile mind, and richly stored with the treasures of learning, he had a more than usual proclivity to ideal pains and pleasures; but he has passed over the *common-places* of misery, the degradation of mind which habit imposes, the horror and revulsion of feeling which arise from a perpetual interference with the simplicity of the natural affections. He has touched with a graphic pen the dreams and visions which he experienced; but he has not dwelt on the days of debasing and tremulous prostration which wait on the excitement. He has

given, in effect, an air of romance to all, and, with unusual skill, blended his narrative with scenes of exquisite pathos. But for this very reason we are constrained to remember that this story has more of the gloss of fiction than the terror of reality.

When about seven years of age, the opium eater lost his father, and was committed to the care of guardians. They sent him to various schools, and it appears that he obtained a good education, and made considerable progress, especially in the Greek language. As he grew older he was desirous of being sent to college, but in this wish he was not permitted to indulge. The disappointment acting powerfully on his mind, he determined to run away from school; and, about the commencement of his seventeenth birthday, proceeded to put his resolve into execution. Not having money sufficient to carry out his views, he wrote to a lady of rank who had known him from childhood, requesting the loan of five guineas. In answer to this letter, she sent him ten, which immediately decided him to enter upon his adventure. It was not, however, without a sorrowful feeling that he quitted the scene of his youth. "On the evening before I left," says he, "I grieved when the ancient and lofty school-room resounded with the evening service, performed for the last time in my hearing; and at night, when the muster-roll of names—and mine as usual was called first—I stepped forward, and passing the head master, who was standing by, I bowed to him, and looked earnestly in his face, thinking to myself, 'He is old and infirm, and, in this world, I shall not see him again.' I was right; I never *did* see him again, nor ever shall. He looked at me complacently, smiled goodnaturedly, returned my salutation (or rather valediction), and we parted, though he knew it not, for ever." The next day he rose at half-past three; it was a beautiful July morning, and there was something which affected him in the quietude of that early hour, with the broad but softened light which shed itself on the adjacent towers. A picture hung over his mantelpiece of a beautiful countenance, which he had often gazed at with a sort of devotion. As he was looking at this picture for the last time the clock struck four; he went to the picture, kissed it, and gently walked out. He was not destined, however, to make his exit so quietly as he had expected. It was necessary to move a large trunk, which was too heavy to be carried by his own unaided exertion. A servant man had kindly offered to assist him—a man

"Of Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies."

but the man had the misfortune to slip, and the trunk fell and rolled with great impetus against the door of the pedagogue. For a time they thought that all was lost, but, curiously enough, the doctor, who was generally a light sleeper, never awoke. He was now launched out on the world. It will easily be supposed that his resources would soon become inadequate to his wants. For some time he wandered about in the mountainous parts of Wales; and at one time supported himself by writing letters for cottagers who happened to have friends at a distance. Once he was entertained some days by a family of young people, for whom he acted as correspondent, and gave great satisfaction by the delicate manner in which he indited love letters for a kind and amiable girl. The parents of these people, however, returning, put an end to his continuance with them. From Wales he contrived to get to London, though he omits to state in what manner; and here his sufferings began in earnest. For upwards of sixteen weeks he was a prey to the most bitter hunger. He slept for a long time in the open air, and subsisted on a precarious charity. At length an individual permitted him to take shelter in an unoccupied house, and there, with a friendless and deserted child, on whom he took compassion, he passed weary days and nights. It seems singular that in this destitute state he did not again have recourse to the protection of his guardians; and he does not give sufficient reasons for his not doing so, as he nowhere states that he was treated by them with any excess of severity. It is probable, however, that a want of sufficient resolution, and a certain dread of again losing his liberty, prevailed over other feelings. It is about this period of his life that he introduces us to a little episode in his history, which is told with such touching simplicity, that it is with reluctance I am led to abridge it. In wandering in the streets of London by night, he had formed a sort of companionship with an unfortunate girl. They sought each other regularly at an appointed place; and her companionship was the solace of his miserable life. The youth of the girl, and the interest she displayed in his misfortunes, gave rise to an attachment of the strongest nature. He never knew more than her Christian name, and, as he always depended upon finding her, he did not think it necessary to learn more.

It happened one day that the opium eater met, casually, with a friend in Albemarle Street, and being recognised, related his history. His friend supplied him with a small sum of money, with which he resolved

to visit Eton to see the son of a nobleman, with whom he was acquainted, and through whose means he hoped to effect some monied arrangement on the strength of his expectations. He took leave of Anne (for that was the name of the young woman) as usual, never doubting but that he should find her on his return. When he came back he hastened to the accustomed place, anxious to make known the success of his enterprise, and share with her his amended fortune. In vain he looked amongst the busy throng by the lamplight of Oxford Street. They had parted for ever. Perhaps she was at the very time in search of him also; perhaps a street only divided them. "O, Oxford Street," exclaims he, "stony-hearted stepmother! thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children! successors of myself and Anne have doubtless since trodden in our footsteps; and thou, Oxford Street, hast since echoed to the groans of innumerable hearts." After this relation, we are introduced by the opium eater to the commencement of his terrible habit. He caught a violent pain in the head and face from an imprudent application of cold water, and was recommended by a college acquaintance to take opium. This he immediately purchased, and was delighted with the ease he obtained, and the agreeable feelings it produced. He was charmed at the idea that pain could be so cheaply assuaged, and his mind pleasantly excited. He soon became habituated to the stimulus, and thought himself happy in its discovery. Life seemed to have gained new charms, and to present itself in new aspects. Under the influence of opium he saw with a different sight, and heard with different ears. As he went out and mixed with the busy throng of London, all seemed to wear a fresh and beautiful appearance. At the opera the scene became actually a paradise, the strains of music were heavenly, and the spectacle like a fairy enchantment; even common things lost their grossness; in fact all was seen and felt through a new medium. He wandered in the streets of London whilst under this influence, and took pleasure in everything which surrounded him; for motion itself was pleasure. I may here remark that the opium eater finds fault with the statements which are generally made with respect to opium. He denies that it occasions intoxication, and he is doubtless correct in objecting to this term being applied without due qualification. The pleasure of wine is one that rises to a certain pitch, and then declines or degenerates into stupidity; while that of opium, he asserts, remains stationary for eight or ten hours. Again



the influence of wine is of a nature to disorder the mind, whilst opium tends to exalt the ideas, and yet contribute to harmony and order in the arrangement. Nor do we find that *maudlin* character in the excitement of the moral feelings consequent on opium, which so often renders the inebriated an object of ridicule. He further denies that opium produces that subsequent depression which is commonly supposed to follow excitement. He remarks that in his own case, he always felt unusually hilarious on the day following its enjoyment. In these statements, however, it must be allowed that there is not perhaps that absolute contradiction of medical authority which he supposes. The term *intoxication* may or may not be extended to embrace the ideas of the opium eater, according to the latitude of the definition; and the individual experience of a mind prone to excitement, cannot be regarded as a certain test of the manner in which others may be affected. Yet it is probable that the ordinary representations of medical writers are somewhat incorrect, and the experience of the profession as to the exciting influence of opium not equally extensive with that of its narcotic and poisonous effects.

Some melancholy event having occurred in the year 1813, tended to confirm the opium eater in his practice of opium-eating, and he soon found the habit so strong that it was almost impossible to avoid the indulgence. Certain uneasy feelings in his stomach also rendered it difficult to tolerate any abstinence from it; and now he began to experience something of the tyranny of the drug. The boundary between his waking and sleeping thoughts seemed broken. The minutest events of his past life came across his mind—his dreams were vivid and terrible, and the ideas which had passed through his mind presented themselves again in fantastic shapes and grotesque figures. But the horrible predominated, and he began to fear sleep. Perhaps, as he somewhere observes, nothing which is once written on the brain is ever actually destroyed. May it not reappear hereafter, as the stars come again into sight when the daylight is gone from the heavens? Some idea of the nature of his dreams may be gathered from the curious notices which he has preserved. From the character of his previous studies, mythological or oriental scenes often tyrannized over his imagination. "From kindred feelings," says he, "I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law—I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos—I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit or in secret rooms

—I was the idol—I was the priest; I was worshipped, I was sacrificed—I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia—Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me; I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris—I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at—I was bound for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers, at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed with cancerous kisses by crocodiles, and laid confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud. \* \* \* Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim, sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstance of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles, especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life; the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions, and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way. I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping); and instantly I awoke; it was broad noon; and my children were standing hand in hand at my bedside, come to show me their colored shoes or new frocks, or let me see them dressed for going out. I protest, that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent *human* natures, and of infancy, that in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces." Old scenes would often come across his mind, like the sailing clouds across the sky; sometimes he fancied he was walking in pleasant pastures, and lanes of quiet beauty; and then the picture would change to grander and more imposing objects. Once he thought it was an Easter Sunday, and that he was by his cottage door, and the hedges were rich with roses, and in the green churchyard cattle were quietly grazing, and as he turned to open his garden gate, the scene changed to

one of oriental character: "At a vast distance were visible," says he, "as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city; an image, or faint abstraction, caught, perhaps in childhood, from some picture of Jerusalem, and not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman, and I looked, and it was—Anne! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly, and I said to her, at length, 'So I have found you at last.' I waited, but she answered not a word; her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet again how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light fell upon her face, and for the last time I kissed her lips, her eyes were streaming with tears; the tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression; and now I gazed upon her with some awe; but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and turning to the mountains I perceived vapors rolling between us: in a moment all had vanished; thick darkness came on, and in the twinkling of an eye, I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in Oxford Street, walking again with Anne, just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children." The transformations and variations of these ideal pictures remind us of those dissolving scenes which show us castles turning into landscapes, or trees becoming ships on the expanded ocean. But here and there, amidst the inconsistencies of imaginary things, arises some incident of life, which, seen for a while in its natural beauty, with all the affecting reminiscences of the past, grows suddenly distorted in proportions, and looses itself in frightful forms of squalid poverty and garish misery. Another dream is still more exciting, and will be excused as a further and a graphic delineation of these opiate reveries. "The dream commenced with music, which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day, a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I know not where—somehow, I know not how—by some beings, I know not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting, was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music, with which my sympathy was the more in-

supportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its value, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power to decide it. I had the power if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt, 'deeper than ever plummet sounded.' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened; some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrys to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights, tempests and human faces, and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

"And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, 'I will sleep no more!'" How truly might he have said,

"Macbeth hath murdered sleep,  
Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

The efforts of the opium-eater to renounce the practice are extremely interesting, and it is to be regretted that he has not written more on *this*, the most important part of the subject. Every one knows something of the pertinacity with which habits remain. The diary which is here given is a singular document, and tells the number of drops of laudanum taken daily during four weeks. It is as follows:—

## FIRST WEEK.

Monday, June 24 . . . . .	130
" 25 . . . . .	140
" 26 . . . . .	130
" 27 . . . . .	80
" 28 . . . . .	80
" 29 . . . . .	80
" 30 . . . . .	80

## SECOND WEEK.

Monday, July 1 . . . . .	80
" 2 . . . . .	80
" 3 . . . . .	90
" 4 . . . . .	100
" 5 . . . . .	80
" 6 . . . . .	80
" 7 . . . . .	70

## THIRD WEEK.

Monday, July 8 . . . . .	300
" 9 . . . . .	50
" 10 . . . . .	
" 11 . . . . .	} Hiatus in MS.
" 12 . . . . .	
" 13 . . . . .	
" 14 . . . . .	76

## FOURTH WEEK.

Monday, July 15 . . . . .	76
" 16 . . . . .	73½
" 17 . . . . .	73½
" 18 . . . . .	70
" 19 . . . . .	240
" 20 . . . . .	80
" 21 . . . . .	350

In this detail the relapses will be viewed as the most curious part. But how natural are such relapses to the frailty of human kind! The gnawing sensations which attended a diminution of the opium were almost intolerable, and it was from these feelings, rather than from mental depression, that the difficulty of abandoning it arose.\* If we consider the monotony of some lives—the anxiety and incessant labor of others—the heart-rending trials which occur in most, and the utter desolateness and despair of a few, it would indeed be a great boon

to humanity, if, without crime, without moral and physical degradation, without sinning against the great Creator, it were possible by some means to cheat the mind of its own wretchedness—to forget, even for a time, the evils of the day—"the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." It would be a great boon if it were possible to exalt at will the energies of the mind—to clothe with the treasures of intellectual grandeur the ordinary events of the passing hour, and give increased refinement to every emotion of the heart. But virtue is sacrifice; we cannot thus evade the trials of life, and anticipate a felicity for which our nature is unprepared. We may indeed have a glorious excitement; but soon a feverish perturbation occupies our waking hours, and fearful dreams make horrible our pillows. Then let

"The frame of things disjoint,  
Both the worlds suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of those terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly."—*Macbeth*.

*Higher Broughton, near Manchester.*

**MOUSTACHES IN THE BANK.**—Somehow or other, there is in the Gentile world an antagonism between moustaches and money; oddly enough £ s. d. will have nothing to do with the least assertion of "tip." The young men of our generation have been exhorted to lay down their razors and to take up with moustaches; many unsophisticated enthusiasts have answered to the appeal with somewhat of the vigour of a Samson, putting, as it may be, the hairiest or downiest countenance upon the movement. On this the tyranny of bare-faced Mammon asserts itself, in Mammon's very highest place—yea, in its golden pulpit. Gallant young clerks of the Bank of England were beginning to grow good promissory notes of moustaches, when Mammon, looking upon these hirsute shootings, cried—"Shave, young men; shave or resign." This is a hard tyrannous fact.

\* The writer of an article on Mental Dietetics in the fourth volume of this Journal, says:—"We may truly say that Mr. De Quincey is one of the most remarkable men we had ever the pleasure of meeting: his conversation is always characterised by the clearest reasoning and the happiest choice of language; he is a profound Greek scholar, and his erudition extends through the history of all countries; few men are better acquainted with Eastern literature, and although it is some five and twenty years since we were in the habit of frequently meeting him, it gives us unfeigned satisfaction to learn that he has entirely given up the use of opium, and is in the enjoyment of excellent health." (p. 109.)

In the November number of Blackwood's Magazine, in an article on "The Narcotics we indulge in," the author makes a similar statement—namely, that De Quincey completely conquered the habit of opium eating.

The youths of England, entrusted with the treasures of the Bank, were ordered by a certain day to present clean faces or each a fairly-written resignation. They did both; that is, they one and all exhibited their resignation, by sacrificing the objectionable hair. And this is called a free country in which a man is not allowed to keep his moustaches and his place. It is whispered that the shorn young gentlemen have drawn up a petition to Parliament in the matter; a petition to be presented by Mr. Muntz and supported by colonel Sibthorp.—*Punch*.

**DIALECTS OF BIRDS.**—I believe there is a dialect in the songs of birds. The song, for example, of a thrush near London, or in any of the home counties, has little resemblance, except in tone and specific character, to that of the same bird in Devonshire, or near Exeter. The same notes, I suppose, will all of them be detected, but they are arranged for the most part in a different tune, and are not sung in the same way. They are given with different values, and the singing is pitched in a different key. One great distinction between the two cases is the number of guttural notes, of which the song of a Devonshire thrush is often made up, but which near London are heard only at the end of a bar, or even much less frequently; while those chief notes which mainly constitute the song of the other bird, and make it so impressive, are rarely pronounced by the Devonshire thrush.—*Jesse's Country Life*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

### WOLF NURSES IN INDIA.

STORIES of wild animals that have acted the part of nurses towards infants accidentally or purposely exposed, are to be met with in every part of the world, and among races of the most widely distinct character. It was a favourite legendary origin for a great hero, the founder of a nation or of an empire. The stag, the bear, the dog, and many others figure in these traditions; but of all the wolf is the most remarkable and the most frequently to be met with. What truth there may be in the old story of Romulus we shall not attempt to decide. Some reality, however, underlies the wildest fictions; and we have at this moment before us a very interesting account of observations made in Northern India, which may be worth the consideration of some future Niebuhr or Arnold. They were conducted by a distinguished Indian officer, whose name, were we at liberty to mention it, would be an ample guarantee for their truth and accuracy—one, too, who has possessed unusual opportunities for obtaining information from the wilder and less known parts of the country. In the following notice we shall use his pamphlet\* largely and without scruple, since, from its having been published in a provincial town, it has scarcely attracted the notice its very curious subject deserves.

The wolf in India is looked upon, as it formerly was in Northern Europe, as a sacred animal. Almost all Hindoos have a superstitious dread of destroying or even injuring it; and a village community within the boundary of whose lands a drop of wolf's blood has fallen, believes itself doomed to destruction. The natural consequence is, that in the districts least frequented by Europeans, these animals are very numerous and destructive, and great numbers of children are constantly carried off by them. Only one class of the population, the very lowest, leading a vagrant life, and bivouacking in the jungles, will attempt to kill or catch them. Even these, however, although they have no superstitious fear of the wolf, and are always found to be well acquainted with its usual dens and haunts, very seldom attempt its capture,—in all probability from the profit they make of the gold and silver bracelets and necklaces worn by children whom the wolves have carried to their dens, and whose remains are left at the entrance. In all parts of India, it appears, numbers of children are daily murdered for the sake of these dangerous ornaments.

The wolf, however, is sometimes kinder

than man. In the neighbourhood of Sultanpore, and among the ravines that intersect the banks of the Goomtee river, this animal abounds; and our first instance of a 'wolf nurse' occurs in that district. A trooper, passing along the river bank near Chandour, saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all-fours, apparently on the best possible terms with his fierce companions, and the wolf protected him with as much care as if he had been one of her own whelps. All went down to the river and drank, without noticing the trooper, who, as they were about to turn back, pushed on in order to cut off and secure the boy. But the ground was uneven, and his horse could not overtake them. All re-entered the den; and the trooper then assembled some people from Chandour, with pickaxes, who dug into the den for about six or eight feet, when the old wolf bolted, followed by her three cubs and the boy. The trooper, accompanied by the fleetest young men of the party, mounted and pursued; and having at last headed them, he turned the whelps and boy (who ran quite as fast) back upon the men on foot. They secured the boy and allowed the others to escape.

The boy thus taken was apparently about nine or ten years old, and had all the habits of a wild animal. On his way to Chandour he struggled hard to rush into every hole or den he passed. The sight of a grown-up person alarmed him, and he tried to steal away; but he rushed at a child with a fierce snarl, like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. Cooked meat he would not eat, but he seized raw food with eagerness, putting it on the ground under his hands, and devouring it with evident pleasure. He growled angrily if any one approached him whilst eating, but made no objection to a dog's coming near and sharing his food. The trooper left him in charge of the Rajah of Husunpore, who saw the boy immediately after he was taken. Very soon afterwards he was sent, by the Rajah's order, to Captain Nicholett's at Sultanpore; for although his parents are said to have recognised him when first captured, they abandoned him on finding that he displayed more of the wolf's than of human nature.

He lived in the charge of Captain Nicholett's servants nearly three years; very inoffensive, except when teased, but still a complete animal. He could never be induced to keep on any kind of clothing, even in the coldest weather; and on one occasion tore to pieces a quilt, stuffed with cotton, and ate a portion of it, cotton and all, every day with his bread. When his food was placed at a distance from him, he ran to it on all-

\* *An Account of Wolves nurturing Children in their Dens.* By an Indian Official. Plymouth, 1852.

fours, like a wolf; and it was only on rare occasions that he walked upright. Human beings he always shunned, and never willingly remained near them. On the other hand, he seemed fond of dogs and of jackals, and indeed all animals, and readily allowed them to feed with him. He was never known to laugh or smile, and was never heard to speak till within a few minutes of his death, when he put his hands to his head, and said it ached, and asked for water, which he drank, and died. Possibly, had this boy lived, he might gradually have been brought to exhibit more intellect and intelligence; but almost every instance seems to prove how completely the human nature is supplanted by the brutal. The next is still from the neighbourhood of the Goomtee. In March, 1843, a cultivator who lived at Chupra, about twenty miles east of Sultan-poor, went to cut his crop of wheat and pulse, taking with him his wife, and a son about three years old, who had only lately recovered from a severe scald on the left knee. As the father was reaping, a wolf suddenly rushed upon the boy, caught him up and made off with him towards the ravines. The people of the village ran to the aid of the parents, but they soon lost sight of the wolf and his prey.

About six years afterwards, as two Sipahs from Singramow, about ten miles from Chupra, were watching for hogs, on the border of the jungle, which extended down to the Khobae rivulet, they saw three wolf cubs and a boy come out from the jungle, and go down to drink at the stream; all four then ran towards a den in the ravines. The Sipahs followed, but the cubs had already entered, and the boy was half way in, when one of the men caught him by the hind leg, and drew him back. He was very angry and savage, bit at the men, and seizing in his teeth the barrel of one of their guns, shook it fiercely. The Sipahs, however, secured him, brought him home, and kept him for twenty days, during which he would eat nothing but raw flesh, and was fed accordingly with hares and birds. His captors then found it difficult to provide him with sufficient food, and took him to the bazaar, in the village of Koeleepoor, to be supported by the charitable people of the place, till he might be recognised and claimed by his parents. One market day a man from the village of Chupra happened to see him in the bazaar, and on his return described him to his neighbours. The cultivator, the father of the boy, was dead, but his widow, asking for a minute description of the boy, found that he had the mark of a scald on the left knee and three marks of the teeth of an animal on each side of his loins. Fully

believing him to be her lost child, she went forthwith to the Koelee bazaar, and in addition to these two marks, discovered a third on his thigh, with which her boy was born.

She took him home to her village, where he still remains, but, as in the former case, his human intellect seems to have all but disappeared. The front of his knees and elbows had become hardened, from his going on all fours with the wolves, and although he wanders about the village during the day, he always steals back to the jungle at night-fall. He is unable to speak, nor can he articulate any sound distinctly. In drinking, he dips his face into the water, but does not lap it up, like a wolf. He still prefers raw flesh, and when a bullock dies and the skin is removed, he attacks and eats the body, in company with the village dogs.

Passing by a number of similar stories, we come to one which is in many respects the most remarkable. About seven years since, a trooper in attendance upon Rajah Hurdut Singh, of Bondee, on the left bank of the Ghagra river, in the district of Bahraetch, in passing near a small stream, saw there two wolf cubs and a boy, drinking. He managed to seize the boy, who seemed to be about ten years old, but was so wild and fierce that he tore the trooper's clothes and bit him severely in several places. The Rajah at first had him tied up in his artillery gun-shed, and fed him with raw meat, but he was afterwards allowed to wander freely about the Bondee bazaar. He there one day ran off with a joint of meat from a butcher's shop, and another of the bazaar keepers let fly an arrow at him, which penetrated his thigh. A lad, named Janoo, servant of a Cashmere merchant, then at Bondee, took compassion on the poor boy, extracted the arrow from his thigh, and prepared a bed for him under a mango tree, where he himself lodged. Here he kept him fastened to a tent-pin. Up to this time he would eat nothing but raw flesh, but Janoo gradually brought him to eat balls of rice and pulse.

In about six weeks after he had been tied up under the tree, after much rubbing of his joints with oil, he was made to stand and walk upright. Hitherto he had gone on all fours. In about four months he began to understand and obey signs. In this manner he was taught to prepare the hookah, put lighted charcoal on the tobacco, and bring it to Janoo, or to whomsoever he pointed out. He was never heard, however, to utter more than one articulate sound. This was 'Aboodeen,' the name of the little daughter of a Cashmere mimic, or player, who had once treated him with kindness. The odour from his body was very offensive; and Janoo had him rubbed with mustard-seed



soaked in water, in the hope of removing it. This was done for some months, during which he was still fed on rice and flour; but the odour did not leave him.

One night, while the boy was lying under the mango-tree, Janoo saw two wolves creep stealthily towards him; and after smelling him, they touched him, and he got up. Instead, however, of being frightened, the boy put his hands upon their heads, and they began to play with him, capering about him, whilst he threw straw and leaves at them. Janoo tried to drive them off, but could not; and becoming much alarmed, he called to the sentry over the guns, and told him that the wolves were going to eat the boy. He replied, 'Come away and leave him, or they will eat you also;' but when Janoo saw them begin to play together, his fears subsided, and he continued to watch them quietly. At last he succeeded in driving them off; but the following night three wolves came—and a few nights after, four—which returned several times. Janoo thought that the two which first came must have been the cubs with which the boy was found, and that they would have seized him had they not recognized him by the smell. They licked his face with their tongues as he put his hands on their heads.

When Janoo's master returned to Lucknow, he was, after some difficulty, persuaded to allow Janoo to take the boy with him. Accordingly, Janoo led him along by a string tied to his arm, and put a bundle of clothes on his head. Whenever they passed a jungle, the boy would throw down his bundle, and make desperate attempts to escape. When beaten, he raised his hands in supplication, took up his bundle, and went on; but the sight of the next jungle produced the same excitement. A short time after his return to Lucknow, Janoo was sent away by his master for a day or two, and found on his return that the boy had disappeared. He could never be found again.

About two months after the boy had gone, a woman of the weaver caste came to Lucknow, with a letter from the Rajah of Bondee, stating that her son, when four years old, had, five or six years before, been

carried off by a wolf; and from the description given of the boy whom Janoo had taken away with him, she thought it must be the same. She described marks corresponding with those on Janoo's boy; but although she remained some considerable time at Lucknow, no traces could be found of the boy; and at last she returned to Bondee. All these circumstances were procured by the writer of the pamphlet from Sanaollah, Janoo's master, and from Janoo himself, both of whom declared them to be strictly true. The boy must have been with the wolf six or seven years, during which she must have had several litters of whelps.

It is remarkable that no well authenticated instance has been found of a full-grown man who had been nurtured in a wolf's den. The writer of the pamphlet mentions an old man at Lucknow, who was found when a lad in the Oude Tarai, by the hut of an old hermit who had died there. He is supposed to have been taken from wolves by this hermit, and is still called the 'wild man of the woods.' 'He was one day,' says the writer, 'sent to me at my request, and I talked with him. His features indicate him to be of the Tharoo tribe, who are found only in this forest. I asked him whether he had any recollection of ever having been with wolves? He said, 'The wolf died long before the old hermit.' I do not feel at all sure, however, that he ever lived with wolves.' In another instance, a lad came into the town of Hasanpoor, 'who had evidently been brought up by wolves.' He was apparently about twelve years old, was very dark, and had, at first, short hair all over his body, which gradually disappeared as he became accustomed to eat salt with his food. He never spoke, but was made to understand signs well. It is not known what eventually became of him.

These are doubtful cases; but in the former instances there seems no room for questioning the facts. Our readers, however, must judge for themselves. At all events, the subject appeared to us so curious and so full of interesting suggestions, that we hardly think they will quarrel with us for bringing it thus briefly under their notice.

**CURIOUS CUSTOM OF THE KORAS.**—In swimming across the wide and rapid Orange river, and transporting at the same time their sheep or other articles, the *Koras* make use of a curious contrivance.

They take a log of wood from six to eight feet in length, and at the distance of a few inches from one of its ends fix a wooden peg. On this log the person intending to cross the river stretches himself at full length, and hold-

ing fast by the peg with one hand whilst with the other and occasionally with his feet he strikes to keep the end of the log in a certain direction (which is that of an angle of about 45 degrees with the stream) the obliquity of the log opposed to the current causes it, in floating down the stream, to push gradually over to the opposite side in the hypothetusal line of a triangle, whose base is the width of the river.—*Barrow.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

### JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

SAD and sweeping, of late, have been the ravages of Time among our men of letters.

Now by the hand of death, now of decay (which is nigh unto death, for that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away), and now of changes and chances in this uncertain life. A long list, and as mournful as long, might be drawn up, in setting suns and falling stars, missed, with more or less of regret, from this visible diurnal sphere, in whose greater light to rule our day we rejoice, or in their lesser, to govern our night. (Happily, this figure is faulty; for the light of *such* luminaries remains, and often brightens more and more continually, after their earthly orbit has fulfilled its course.) Brief is the space within which we have had to sorrow for the decease of a Wordsworth, though full of years and honours,—of a Moore (and already how “lightly they speak of the spirit that’s gone, and o’er his cold ashes upbraid him”),—and, not to name others that might be named, of a Talfourd, the judge upon the judgment seat, cited before another tribunal, so strangely, solemnly, suddenly, *‘εν ’αρχῇ, εν ’ρητῇ, εν θαλάμῳ!* And again, the breaking up of old literary alliances, the evanishing of familiar systems, the scattering of time-honoured but time-dissolving galaxies, is mournfully instanced in the case of two of Scott’s “young men,” “wild young bloods,” who are now compassed with infirmities that require seclusion, as well as stricken with years that yearn for it,—John Wilson, and John Gibson Lockhart. To each may the influences of retirement be healing and restorative—to each may there come a soothing experience of what is a sacred promise. “At evening-time it shall be light”—light with a mellow radiance, fit precursor of the gloaming, and not unfit conclusion of the noonday heat and sunny splendours of their fervid prime.\*

It is of the latter we have now, and in our desultory way, to make mention;—of the son-in-law of Sir Walter, the ready writer of “Peter’s Letters,” the reckless, dashing *attaché* to Old Ebony’s gay staff, the classical author of “Valerius,” the morbid anatomist of “Adam Blair,” the manly biographer of Scotland’s two chiefest names in song and story, the animated translator of “Spanish Ballads,” and the long-reigning editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

The present generation is little versed in the pages of Mr. Lockhart’s first work of note, “Peter’s Letters to his Kinsfolk”—of which he has, in his riper experience, said,

\* Alas, since this was penned, the poet of the “Isle of Palms” hath “fallen on sleep.”

that nobody but a very young and a very thoughtless person could have dreamt of putting forth such a book,—while he protests against denouncing these epistles of the imaginary Welsh Doctor, Peter Morris, “with his spectacles—his Welsh accent—his Toryism—his inordinate thirst for draught porter—and his everlasting shandry-dan,”—as a mere string of libels on the big-wings therein portrayed. Among these were Scott, happy and happy-making at Abbotsford,—Jeffrey, the “wee reekit deil o’ criticism” and laird of Craigcrook,—Playfair, always considered fair game by good haters of the *Edinburgh*,—James Hogg, the “inspired sheep’s-head,”—Chalmers, with his sublimely-developed mathematical frontispiece, &c. Allan Cunningham calls the work all life and character, and admires its freshness and variety, treating as it does of courts of law and Glasgow punch, of craniology and criticism,—telling us how to woo a bride or cut up a haggis,—and giving us “the pictures, mental and bodily, of some of the leading men of Scotland, with great truth and effect.” Scott himself was much interested in this last-mentioned feature of the book. “What an acquisition,” he says, “it would have been to our general information to have had such a work written, I do not say fifty, but even five-and-twenty years ago;” and how much of grave and gay might then have been preserved, as it were, in amber, which have [*sic*] now mouldered away. When I think that at an age not much younger than yours I knew Black, Ferguson, Robertson, Erskine, Adam Smith, John Home, &c., &c., and at least saw Burns, I can appreciate better than any one the value of a work which, like this, would have handed them down to posterity in their living colours.” And Sir Walter goes on to say that Dr. Morris ought, like Nourjahad, to revive every half century, to record the fleeting manners of the age, and the interesting features of those who will be only known to posterity by their works.† Could Sir Walter have foreseen the host of third-rate and thirtieth-rate Doctor Morrises, who, between then and now, have infested the face of the earth, on the plea of being chields amang us takin’ notes, and faith! wull prent ’em—notes of our *res domi* (never mind how *angusta*), of our dressing-gowns and slippers, of our *obiter* allusions and by-the-way interjections, of how we clear our throats, and whether we wear straps, and so forth,—he would probably have put in a qualifying clause, to modify his panegyric of the Morrisian tactics. And this reminds us of a passage to the pur-

\* Sir Walter wrote this (in a letter to his son-in-law presumptive) in July, 1819.

† Lockhart’s Life of Scott. Chap. xiv.

pose in one of the lively letters of the author's countrywoman, Mrs. Grant of Laggan. "You ask me," she writes, "what I think of Peter's Letters? I answer in a very low whisper—not much. The broad personality is coarse, even where it is laudatory; no one very deserving of praise cares to be held up to the public eye like a picture on sale by an auctioneer;\* it is not the style of our country, and it is a bad style in itself. So much for its tendency. Then, if you speak of it as a composition, it has no keeping, no chastity of style, and is in a high degree florid and verbose. . . . Some depth of thought and acuteness appears now and then, like the weights at the tail of a paper kite, but not enough to balance the levity of the whole. With all this, the genius which the writers possess, in no common degree, is obvious through the whole book: but it is genius misapplied, and running riot beyond all bounds of good taste and sober thinking. We are all amused, and so we should be, if we lived in a street where those slaves of the lamp had the power of rendering the walls so transparent that we could see everything going on at our neighbours' firesides. But ought we to be so pleased?"† Aye, gentlemen tourists, pencilers by the way, domestic police reporters, household inventory-takers, and breakfast-table shorthand-writers, all the sort of you,—aye, there's the rub. Good Mrs. Grant would perhaps have changed her mild interrogative into a very decisive affirmative, or rather a very indignant negative, had she lived to see what we see, and hear what we hear, in these times of gossiping fireside inquisitors.

From "Peter's Letters" to "Valerius" is an abrupt transition. In this classical novel we are made spectators of a series of *tableaux*, illustrative of the manners and events of Rome under Trajan. Thus the narrator takes us to patrician reception-rooms; to the Forum—with its grand associations and familiar traditions—the ancient rostrum from which Tully had declaimed, and the old mysterious fig-tree of Romulus, and the rich tessellated pavement, memorial of the abyss that had once yawned before the steady eye of Curtius; to senatorial gardens, with their garniture of fountains and exotics and perfumed terraces and sculptured nymphs and fauns; to a supper party in the Subura; to a prætorian guard-room, and a prison for doomed Christians; to the Fla-

vian Amphitheatre, to hear the gladiator's *moriturus vos saluto*, and the confessor's dying *credo*; to the temple of Apollo, shrine of the reliquary Sibylline prophecies, and museum of the busts of earth's immortals; to a Veronese painter's studio; to a Neapolitan witch's midnight enchantments; to a village barber's shop, full of custom and fuss and small-talk; to a secret congress of the faithful in the catacombs; to Trajan's presence-chamber, and the Mammertine dungeons. The characters engaged in the action present a fair diversity of types of society in the capital, but for the most part lacking individuality and life. Valerius himself is too much of the faultless walking gentleman, though his betrothed, the high-hearted and deep-hearted Athanasia, is some removes beyond the standard walking lady. Sabinus, the jovial, kindly, bustling centurion—with his strong muscular fabric and hearty masculine laugh,—who, under Agriola and his real triumphs, and Domitian and his sham one, has undergone varied freaks of fortune, and preserved his equanimity and his rubicundity unaltered in them all; Xerophrastes, the professed Stoic and eventual cynic, greedy, selfish, mercenary, and mischievous; and Dromo, the Cretan slave, "a leering varlet, with rings in his ears, whose face resembled some comic mask in the habitual archness of its malicious and inquisitive look;" these are perhaps the most noticeable of the *dramatis persona*, though themselves subordinate agents. There is a scattering of philosophers, who discourse learnedly on their conflicting systems—the Epicurean in particular being set forth and incidentally exemplified in a prominent degree. Among the more remarkable passages in the action of the tale may be noted, the scene in the guard-room, where, after the boisterous choruses of a boon soldiery, Valerius overhears "the voices of those that were in the dungeon singing together in a sweet and lowly manner,"‡ and his subsequent interview with

\* "Ah, sir!" said the old soldier, "I thought it would be even so—there is not a spearman in the band that would not willingly watch here a whole night, could he be sure of hearing that melody. Well do I know that soft voice—Hear now, how she sings by herself—and there again, that deep strong note—that is the voice of the prisoner." "Hush!" quoth the centurion, "heard you ever anything half so divine? Are these words Greek or Syrian?" "What the words are I know not," said the soldier; "but I know the tune well—I have heard it played many a night with hautboy, clarion, and dulcimer, on the high walls of Jerusalem, while the city was beleaguered." . . . "But this, surely," said the centurion, "is no warlike melody." "I know not," quoth the old soldier, "whether it be or not—but I am sure it sounds not like any music of sorrow,—and yet what plaintive tones are in the part of that female voice!" "The bass sounds triumphantly, in good sooth." "Ah, sir, but that is the old man's own voice—I am sure he will keep a good heart to the end, even though they should be singing their farewell to him. Well, the emperor loses a good soldier, the hour Tisias dies. I wish to Jupiter he had not been a Christian,

\* Even Scott, it may be observed, considered the general turn of the book too favourable, both to the state of public society, and of individual character, in Scotland—quoting Goldsmith's couplet,

"His fools have their follies too lost in a crowd  
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud."

† Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan.

the singers in the expectant martyr's cell; the visit to the gladiator's ward and its adjoining menagerie,—and indeed the whole description of the doings at the amphitheatre (parts of which recal, in their way, some pages in "Ivanhoe," devoted to the spectators at the tournament); to which may be added, the meeting with Athanasia in the temple of Apollo, and her interrupted share in the idolatrous hymn—her part in the betrayed assembly of believers, and its stern results—the baptismal and betrothal scene in the moonlit grotto,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs—

where stood the fountain which became to Valerius the *λουτρον παλαιογενεας* as he stepped into its cool water, and the aged Aurelius stooped over him, and sprinkled the drops upon his forehead, and repeated the appointed words, and then kissed his brow as he came forth from the water, while Athanasia also drew slowly near, and hastily pressed his forehead with trembling lips, and then all three sat down together, and in silence by the lonely well.

Jeffrey's fling at Mr. Lockhart, as being "mighty religious too," and as obtruding a "devotional orthodoxy" with a tendency, "every now and then a little towards cant,"—which, however, had reference to his Scotch novels (in common with those of Professor Wilson)—finds no justification, as far as it is a sneer, in the instance of "Valerius." The author has even exercised a reserve and restraint, in the face of strong temptations (from the nature of his agitating theme) to an opposite treatment, which to many appear forbiddingly cold and fatally apathetic. It cannot be alleged that his heathens are all painted black, and his Christians white. Not Gibbon himself is much more charitably—or, if you will, impartially—disposed towards Trojan and his policy. The keen-scented editor of the *Edinburgh* must have been keen-scented beyond human or even canine parallel, could he have sniffed the odour of sanctity, in "devotional orthodoxy" power, and in the rankness of a tendency to "cant," in the too dispassionate and so far uncharacteristic colloquies of Mr. Lockhart's Roman Christians. They are, in fact, unreal from their very failing to speak out; not that they would, or ought to, speak out when to do so would be unseasonable and fruitless—but that where they would, and ought to, they do not—which is noticeable not as a fault (for the author had good reasons, *artful* ones, for abstaining from sermonising), but as evidence how free "Valer-

ius" is from affectation of the *over-guid*. The book seems to have been flung off at a heat—not of enthusiasm; there is indeed little in its composition, whether we regard the story or the accessories, to belie the assertion that it took but three weeks to write:—"when he was writing 'Valerius,'" Professor Wilson is reported to have said of his friend and literary ally, "we were in the habit of walking out together every morning, and when we reached a quiet spot in the country, he read to me the chapters as he wrote them. He finished it in three weeks. I thus heard it all by piecemeal as it went on, and had much difficulty in persuading him that it was worth publishing." Mr. R. P. Gillies, too, has put on record his wonder at the rapidity of the same pen—which if surpassed by Christopher North's\* in the onearticle of fiery despatch, was its superior in systematic assiduity, and regularity of labor: Mr. Lockhart, the "Literary Veteran"† assures us, thought thirty-two columns of *Blackwood* (a whole printed sheet) an ordinary day's work, involving not the slightest stress or fatigue.

Turning, however, from his first to his last essay in fiction, we find but too many foot-prints of the seven-leagued boots of this perhaps fatal facility. It was the scenes descriptive of university life at Oxford, that chiefly attracted public attention to "Reginald Dalton"—a kind of subject which has since found many another scribe, more or less conversant with and master of it; among whom may be named Mr. Hewlett, of the same university, and Dr. Samuel Phillips, whose "Caleb Stukely" illustrates Cambridge experiences of a like order. Maiden aunts and uninitiated papas must have formed horrible notions of Oxford, if they had within reach no corrective or alternative, to restrain and tone down the effect of "Reginald Dalton's" revelations—which are certainly open to the charge of giving an *einseitig* and exaggerated picture of Alma Mater-ia. But the picture won eager albeit shocked gazers, by its broad strokes and its high coloring—and may, we suspect, have tended as directly to induce anxious "governors" to send their boys to the other university, as in later days the alarm at "Tractarianism" has done. The lively chapters devoted to Reginald's under-graduate career were devoured by those *ab extrâ*, as an exciting novelty—and scanned by those *ab intrâ* as a "refresher" of old times and

\* "Mr. Wilson had then [viz., thirty years ago] a rapidity of executive power in composition such as I have never seen equalled before or since." "But then he would do nothing but when he liked and how he liked." —Gillies' *Literary Veteran*.

† *Hec, quantum mulatus ab illo KEMPERHAUSEN of the Noctes*, and the President of the "Right, Wrong or Right Club!"

cherished associations, not forgetting the once-familiar slang peculiar to court and quadrangle and hall and combination-room. A Town and Gown row, a bachelor's supper-party,—with the orthodox complement of pickled oysters, exquisitely veined brawn, and peerless sausages, served on lordly dishes of College plate, and magnificent flagons of that never-to-be-resisted potation, *Bishop* (a beverage which, thirty years ago, it was not superfluous for Mr. Lockhart to explain in a foot-note, as being the resultant of Port wine, mulled with roasted lemons—just as Claret similarly embellished is eylept *Cardinal*; and Burgundy, *Pope*);—a fox-hunting raid to Newnham Harcourt, *via* roads all alive with

—Buggy, gig, and dog-cart,  
Curricie and tandem—

and the gallop at Parson Hooker's "hark, hark!" to the music of hound and horn,—pell-mell, priest and layman, squire, curate, bachelor, and freshman—away over bush and furze, bog and briar, hedge and stile, ditch and double-ditch—"tramp, tramp across the stubble; splash, splash across the dubble;"—boating engagements at Mother Davies's;—dunning blockades against the "sported oak;"—scuffles with proctors and bull-dogs;—a duel in the meadows, and a lodgment in the Castle;—such are some of the topics ungrudgingly set forth in Reginald's Oxford career. Little enough there is to glorify the ideal Oxford of scholarship, and earnest study, and gracious refinement—to echo Warton's apostrophe,

Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,  
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;  
&c.\*

The hero's university course is only an episode; but to it the leading interest of the work attaches, and upon it the novelist has expended the best of his power and pains. Reginald's subsequent experiences in London and elsewhere are dull, and loosely put together. The table-talk—wine-table, breakfast-table, supper-table, or what not—so profusely detailed, is too frequently of the veriest weak tea-table sort: weak enough, mawkish and vapid enough, to make one almost incredulous of its coming from the trenchant pen of the editor of the *Quarterly*.

\* Triumph of Isis.

† We have all seen, it may be presumed, in *Punch* or some cognate repository of satirical censorship, specimens of the way in which the flimsiest manufacturers of novels manage to fill up, at least the expense of brain-work and penmanship, the necessary number of pages decreed by the circulating libraries—whose decrees, implacable and inexorable as that of Medes and Persians, altereth not. But who would willingly accredit the editor of the *Quarterly*, in his most finished novel, with dialogues of such calibre as the following

*terly*, and the manly, vigorous, forcible biographer of Sir Walter Scott. The humorous parts of "Valerius" were flat, nor are those of this tale of modern life much more potent—though there is certainly some pungent satirical writing, and a plentiful seasoning of caustic wit. The characters are, with one or two exceptions, far from being loveable or even likeable people: the Catlines irritate, the Chisneys repel or fatigue, Macdonald thoroughly annoys, and even good old Keith bores us. But the elder Daltons are a refreshing relief—genial, natural, and heart-whole; the Vicar wins our affectionate reverence; young Macdonald is one of the better sort of "good-natured fellows" (a complimentary epithet of cruel kindness), and sweet Helen Hesketh sways our loyal souls whithersoever she listeth. *Her* part in the tale, with its pathetic associations, is wrought out with emphasis and discretion, and shows what the novelist can do when he will:

And Nature holds her sway as Lockhart tells  
How dark the grief that with the guilty dwells;  
How various passions through the bosom move,  
Dalton's high hope, and Ellen's sinless love.  
Creative fancy gives a lovelier green  
To Godstowe's glade;\* and hallows all the scene

Where Love's low whisper sooth'd their wildest fears,  
Till joy grew voiceless and flow'd forth in tears.†

(between a match-making couple at cross-purposes)—taken from a large stock of which it is but a current sample:

[Macdonald the "pawky" writer, is trying to bring to terms the lady-mother of the damsel he desiderates for his son.]

"When is't to be, Leddy Catline? Since other folk intend to speak, what can I do?"

"To be? what to be, Mr. Macdonald?" said the lady with an air of surprise, rather too grave to be affected.

"What's to be, Leddy Catline?"

"Ye, what's to be, Mr. Macdonald?"

"What's to be, mem?"

"What's to be, sir?"

"The thing, mem—the business—the whole affair—"

"The whole affair, sir?—the business, sir?"

"Yes, mem, the business—the business—God bless my heart!"

"The business, Mr. Macdonald?"

"Come, come, Leddy Catline, we've had enough of this work. Time's no chuckey-stanes—Has your ledship not been holding any serious conversation?"

"Why, really, Mr. Macdonald, I scarce think we have been very serious."

"Sdeath, mem, what do you mean?"

"Sir?"

"Mem?"

"Mr. Macdonald?"

"Leddy Catline?"

"Sir?"

"Hoots, hoots—a joke's a joke."

"A joke?"

"Ay, a joke."—*Reginald Dalton*. Book vii. chap. 5.

We are to this hour distrustful of Mr. Wakeley's capacity for writing Wordsworthian lyrics by the mile, but we can imagine him doing *this* kind of composition by his crowner's metre of mileage.

\* See *Reginald Dalton*. Book iii. chap. 5.

† The Novel: a Satire. (1880.)



The "dark grief" that tabernacles with "the guilty," and the various passions" that agitate the bosom of frail humanity, were impressively delineated in the two Scotch Novels, "Adam Blair" and "Matthew Wald." The former is pitched in the same key with Wilson's painfully intense tale of "Simon Gray," and Mrs. Southey's "Andrew Cleaves." It is not improved in moral tone, however it may be heightened in melodramatic coloring, by the evident influence exercised on the author's mind by his familiarity with German fictions; to the morbid characteristics of which, he too nearly adapted his own story. We can imagine him at a later period inditing merciless strictures on similar trespasses, by some later romancer, in the way of overwrought emotion and pathological diagnosis—and visiting with peremptory rebuke the *morale* which drags down to ruin, in its blackness of darkness, a too soft-hearted and susceptible minister of the Gospel, by the iron chain of "fate and metaphysical aid," Calvinism and philosophy. In "Matthew Wald" there are some powerful bits of tragic, or rather perhaps of melodramatic writing—the story of Perling Joan is touching, and that of the Glasgow shoemaker, who murders a guest, and goes on his way *praying*, and who dies praying for the hooting crowd around his scaffold, is not without its awed admirers.

Of Mr. Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," a fellow-countryman and brother poet has said, that fine as were the original verses, they certainly lost nothing (as did the shield of Martinus Scriblerus) from being subjected to his modern refurbishing; but that, on the contrary, what was tame he inspired, what was lofty he endowed with additional grandeur, while even the tender—as in the lay of "Count Alarços and the Infanta Soliza"—grew still more pathetic beneath his touch. Another fellow-countryman and brother poet—well versed in Border minstrelsy—admiringly recognizes all the simplicity, and energy, and picturesque beauty, and more than the flow of the ballads of the Border, in these translations from the Spanish and Moorish. "The fine old Bible English into which they are rendered, gives the antique hue so natural and becoming in the old minstrels; all other translations fade away before them."† Mr. Hallam, too, always a cautious judge, has awarded no faint praise—that damning sentence of cautious judges—to these bold and buoyant lyrics.

\* "Than which, as rendered by Mr. Lockhart, no finer ballad of its kind—more gushingly natural, or more profoundly pathetic—probably exists in the poetry of any nation."—*David Macbeth Meir*. (Δ.)

† Allan Cunningham.

We reckon it blessing rather than bane that our limits defy us to be prosy about that glorious piece of biography, the *Life of Scott*. It is far too interesting and valuable to be at present text of controversy, about the Ballantines "and a' that:" the man who reads such a book with fussy critical pretensions, should be required to name one poor half-dozen of biographies that equal it in matter and manner. The *Life of Burns*, again, is a pleasant compilation—vigorous in narrative, and set off with fit reflections, the germ of other and deeper ones, in the essays of Wilson and Carlyle.

Still more emphatically may we count ourselves happy in being without space to discuss the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. One word, nevertheless, against the not unpopular impression of his "merciless" disposition, and "implacable" opposition to opponents. The *personal* characteristics foisted on him by certain scribblers, have been commonly identified with his editorial ideal making up an austere man, haughty, reserved, recklessly satirical, and somewhat vindictive withal. Tom Moore could discriminate between editor and man, when he introduced Lockhart's name among "Thoughts on Editors:"

Alas, and must I close the list

With thee, my Lockhart, of the *Quarterly*

So kind, with bumper in thy fist,—

With pen so *very* gruff and tartarly.

Now in thy parlor feasting me,

Now scribbling at me from thy garret,—

Till 'twixt the two in doubt I be

Which sourest is, thy wit or claret.

Mark, believer in the bilious "personal talk" of N. P. Willis and his sympathisers, how Thomas the Rhymer here recognizes in the man what it was *his* fate to miss in the reviewer. Only because of the vulgar acceptance of the aforesaid personal strictures do we thus trench on what is a personal province. But one so often hears allusions founded on what has been sketched by the Pencil by the Way, that it is but fair to point to testimony recently given, incidentally enough, by other popular writers whose opinions happen to be on record, and may be taken for what they are worth: we will confine ourselves to two—John Sterling and B. R. Haydon—both men strikingly diverse in party and tendency from him they refer to. "I found him," says Sterling, describing an interview with Lockhart on the subject of S.'s *Strafford*, "as neat, clear, and cutting a brain as you could expect; but with an amount of knowledge, good-nature, and liberal anti-bigotry, that would surprise many. The tone of his children towards him

seemed to me decisive of his real kindness." "L., when we became acquainted," says Haydon, "felt so strongly how little I deserved what had been said of me, that his whole life has since been a struggle to undo the evil he was at the time a party to. Hence his visits to me in prison, his

praise in the *Quarterly*, &c. . . . This shows a good heart, and a fine heart L. has; but he is fond of mischief and fun, and does not think of the wreck he has made till he has seen the fragments."\* Very like Haydon, truly; but let that pass.

From the Morning Chronicle.

#### DEATH OF LORD COCKBURN.

LORD COCKBURN died at Bonaby, near Colinton, on 26th April, at the age of 75 years. His lordship had returned from the Ayr circuit only on Friday, and on Saturday was attacked by the malady (diarrhoea), which terminated fatally on Wednesday. He was the last link which bound the present generation of lawyers to that grand era of the Scotch bar which was adorned by the eloquence, the wit, and the learning of Jeffrey, Moncreiff, Cranston, Clerk, Fullerton, and Gillies. With him the memories of these men, and their ripe learning, and their admirable talent, and the kindly recollections of their very foibles and eccentricities, pass into the region of tradition. None of these great men, however, have left behind them so many friends as he for whom the grave now opens; even beyond the immediate circle of his own acquaintance, a wide feeling of regret will attend the obsequies of one who has been popular for half a century.

"We are fortunate," says the *Courant*, in a very interesting memoir of the deceased judge, "in possessing a portrait of Cockburn, elaborated, when he was in all the freshness of his fame, by a youthful hand which has since proved itself to be that of a master. "Of all the great pleaders of the Scottish bar"—wrote Mr. Lockhart, before Clerk, or Cranston, or Moncreiff, or Fullerton, or Jeffrey, had ascended the bench—"Mr. Cockburn is the only one who is capable of touching, with a bold and assured hand, the chords of feeling, who can, by one plain word, and one plain look, convey the whole soul of tenderness, or appeal with the authority of a true prophet to yet higher emotions which slumber in many bosoms, but are dead, I think, in none. As every truly pathetic speaker must be, Mr. Cockburn is a homely speaker; but he carries his homeliness to a length which I do not remember to have heard any other truly great speaker venture upon. He uses the Scottish dialect—always its music, and not unfrequently its words—quite as broadly as Mr. Clerk, of Eldin, and perhaps, at first hearing, with rather more vulgarity of effect; for he is a young man, and I have already hinted that no young man can speak Scotch with the same impunity as an old one. Nevertheless, I am sure, no man who has witnessed the effect which Mr. Cockburn produces upon a Scottish jury would wish to see him

alter anything in his mode of addressing them. He is the best teller of a plain story I ever heard. He puts himself completely upon a level to those to whom he speaks. He enters into all the feelings with which ordinary persons are likely to listen to the first statement from a partial mouth, and endeavours, with all his might, to destroy the impression of distrustfulness which he well knows he has to encounter. He utters no word which he is not perfectly certain his hearers understand, and he points out no inference before he has prepared the way for it, by making his hearers understand perfectly how he himself has been brought to adopt it. He puts himself in the place of his audience—an obvious rule, no doubt, but in practice, above all others, difficult, and which it requires the skill of a very master in the knowledge of human nature to follow with precision. Instead of labouring, as most orators do, to impress on the minds of his audience a high notion of his own powers and attainments, this man seems to be anxious about nothing except to make them forget that he wears a gown, and to be satisfied that they are listening to a person who thinks, feels, and judges exactly like themselves. It is not his ambition to be admired; he wishes only to be trusted. He does not, by one word or gesture, show that he aspires to be reckoned a great man; but it is plain that he would give the world they should believe him to be an honest one. And, after he has been allowed to tell his story in his own way for ten minutes, I would defy Diogenes himself to doubt it. His use of the language, and his still more exquisite use of the images and illusions of common Scottish life, must contribute in the most powerful manner to his success in this first great object of all his rhetoric. There is an air of broad and undisguised sincerity in the simple tones and energetic phrases he employs, which finds its way like a charm to the very bottom of the hearts around him. He sees it painted in their beaming and expanding faces, and sees, and knows, and feels at once that his eloquence is persuasive. Once so far victorious, he is thenceforth irresistible. He has established an understanding between himself and his audience—a feeling of fellowship and confidence of communion—which nothing can disturb. The electricity of thought and of sentiment passes from his face to theirs, and thrills back again from theirs to his. He has fairly come into contact; he sees their breasts lie bare to his weapon, and he will make no thrust in vain."

\* Carlyle's Life of Sterling.

\* Autobiog. of Haydon.

From Chambers' Journal.

### ARTESIAN WELLS FOR LONDON.

WHILE water is to be had by simply turning the tap in the kitchen or wash-house, few persons give themselves the trouble to think of the vast apparatus, the powerful machinery, and the great expense required to produce so convenient a result. The precious fluid 'comes on' as a matter of course, until an accident in the pipes, or a severe frost, such as we had in January, or some other casualty stops the supplies, and then we begin to appreciate both the benefit and the privation. The means taken to furnish water to our large towns, though in many instances less perfect than they ought to be, are yet of high importance to our social and commercial advancement, to cleanliness and health. Who does not remember the stir and talk provoked by sanitary enquiries within the past few years? and how strenuously an abundant supply of water was insisted on as a remedy against many of the evils incident to town-life. Quality, too, was as much to be considered as quantity—water must be good, or else beware of the consequences! What was it that 44,000,000 gallons were pumped every day into London, if the water was not fit to drink when distributed? And then it was shewn, that wherever the worst water flowed, there the cholera was most destructive.

Thereupon many schemes were propounded for remedying a state of things truly disgraceful to the metropolis of the British Empire. One was for deriving a supply of water from the Thames where it flows clear and sparkling by the pleasant chalk-hills of Oxfordshire; while others were for laying minor streams to the north, east, and south under contribution. A large 'gathering ground' at Bagshot was talked about, part of the waste and wild region enlivened by the encampment of 1853, which, being sandy, formed an excellent filter for the rain that fell on its surface. One daring projector suggested an aqueduct all the way from Bala Lake, in North Wales, noted for the purity of its waters; and others thought that the best source would be found by sinking wells in different parts of the metropolis deeper than ever wells had been sunk before. Most of these schemes promised a daily supply of from 100,000,000 to 400,000,000 gallons—a quantity ample enough for the thorough flushing of all the sewers as well as for the public service on the most liberal scale. Not one of the projects has yet been adopted: meanwhile, the companies have improved the quality of the water they distribute; but the grand desideratum—water of the best

possible quality in unlimited and constant supply—has not yet been achieved.

Such is a general view of the facts, from which, turning to particular considerations, we find the subject to possess a remarkable scientific interest. Artesian wells, as the very deep sinkings are called, carry us into the domain of geology, where, unless the geologist come to our aid, guess-work will usurp the place of science. As he alone can direct the miner where to dig with the certainty of finding coal, so to him must we look to tell us where, far down beneath the surface, repose the water-bearing strata, vast reservoirs formed by nature, which need but to be tapped to yield up their contents in copious and perennial jets—the old earth, as it were, opening its veins for the sustenance of its inhabitants.

Were this the place, we might institute a comparison between these aqueous treasures and certain mineral ones much sought after; but our present purpose is more practical than moral—we have to show what science has to say on the question of tapping the reservoirs. That it can say something is demonstrated by Mr. Prestwitch, a well-known geologist, in a volume\* that merits more than a passing notice, and we can promise that the time spent in a brief survey of his facts and reasonings will not be thrown away.

Every one knows what a basin is: it may be shallow or deep, according to circumstances. But the basin we have to talk about is one to be measured by miles, not by inches. Let any one stand on the highest part of Hampstead Heath, and look southwards to 'Surrey's pleasant hills,' and he will overlook what is called the London Basin—some ten or twelve miles of visible diameter. There is, however, much more than meets the eye, for the curving strata which form the vast hollow, crop out at such distances in the surrounding counties as to comprise an area of some thousands of square miles. It is, as it were, a series of basins placed one within the other, the largest of course lowermost. The upper one is composed of clay—London clay, as geologists call it, in some places 400 or 500 feet thick, and filled with beds of sand and gravel. Below this lies a chalk-basin, which, there is reason to believe, varies from 700 to 1000 feet in thickness, as though made proportionately stronger to bear the greater superincumbent weight. Between the clay and the chalk is a stratum about 80 feet thick

\* *A Geological Inquiry Respecting the Water-bearing Strata of the Country around London, with reference especially to the Water-supply of the Metropolis, &c.* By Joseph Prestwitch, Jun. London: Van Voorst. 1851.

of the lower tertiary sands and clays; and below the chalk lie the Upper and Lower Greensands, with a thickness of from 10 to 600 feet; and these we have to consider as the bottom of our basin, the formations lying still deeper not being included in the question.

Each of these basins contains more or less of water supplied by the rainfall on the surface, the clay, the chalk, the Greensands, the quantity increasing as we descend. One year with another the amount of water derived from rain and melting snow varies but slightly, though exceptions do at times occur, and of this amount, part escapes in evaporation, part in brooks and rivers, part is absorbed by vegetation, and part sinks into the ground, more or less rapidly, according to the nature of the soil and underlying strata. Where these are porous and easily permeable, there the water soon disappears, sinking until it meets with some obstacle, such as dense clay or crystalline rock, which prevents further subsidence. The water naturally follows the curve or inclination of the strata in its descent, and collects at last at the lowest point, as in a natural reservoir, from which, if an orifice be made, it will rise to the surface, in obedience to a natural law.

Nature, it will thus be seen, provides a supply of water for the metropolis, and for other places similarly situated, by a very simple process: the question is, how to make it available? We shall come to this point presently; for the moment, we have to consider what are the resources at our disposal. The clay-basin being nearest the surface, was for a time the only one drawn upon by the Londoners; but the increase of population increased the demand not only for water but for beer, in all the variety so fondly appreciated by dwellers within sight of St. Paul's; and if we are to believe the brewers and some other manufacturers, well-water only will answer their purpose. So, the clay-basin yield being insufficient, down went the seekers some 500 or 600 feet further, with an energy scarcely equalled by nugget-grubbers, till they came to the chalk-basin, where the supply was inexhaustible; and in this way, by repeated borings in different places, a number of Artesian wells have been formed, which, under ordinary circumstances, may be regarded as perennial.

The chalk stratum extends from Kent and Surrey under the valley of the Thames to the Hills of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, and neighboring counties—an area of about 3800 square miles, on which the mean fall of rain is estimated at from 3800 to 3900-millions of gallons every day—a quantity which

may well be exhaustless. The water finds its way downwards through the numerous fissures which abound in chalk, until it comes to the lower portions of the stratum, where crevices are few, and there it makes its way along the line of stratification, which is indicated by the imbedded flints. Those who are experienced in such matters, know that ample sources of water may always be looked for immediately beneath the flint layers; it is into these that most of the London wells are sunk; and the supply obtained is said to be from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 gallons daily—an amount perhaps somewhat overstated. Here, however, we see why such amazing supplies have been derived from the chalk. In the Tring cutting of the North-western Railway, the yield was 1,000,000 gallons per day; at Brighton, a well gives 231,840 gallons in twelve hours; 1,800,000 gallons per day were obtained from an experimental well sunk in the Bushy Meadows; and a calculation has been made, that, with efficient borings and drift-ways at Watford, 8,000,000 per day might be derived from that locality.

Quantities so immense might be thought sufficient for ordinary purposes; but Mr. Prestwich shows them to be trifling compared with the supplies to be obtained by going lower and piercing the Greensands. That such is not only possible, but actually the fact, will be seen on a little reflection. The area of the Greensands far exceeds that of the chalk; it reaches from Cambridgeshire in the north, to the sea in the south; from Devizes in the west, to Folkestone in the east; and wherever within this region the Greensands crop out on the surface, there the rain is greedily sucked in as it falls. It may surprise some readers to hear that places so distant should be regarded as sources of water-supply for London; such, however, is the fact, for as the water in sinking follows the dip of the strata, it gradually descends to the bottom of the basin, where it is most wanted. The Greensands thus serve the double purpose of filter and reservoir; and as they rest on a thick and impervious deposit of Weald and Kimmeridge clays, there can be no escape of water in a downward direction. There it remains stored up, a fountain of the great deep, until released by human enterprise and ingenuity.

The mean annual rainfall in England is from 26½ to 28 inches, according to latitude, of which one-half, more or less, sinks into the ground; the greatest amount of infiltration of course taking place in the rainiest months. Some deposits are much more permeable than others; but on comparison, the superiority of the Greensands in this particular becomes strikingly manifest: Mr.

Prestwitch estimates their steady undiminished yield at from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 gallons in the twenty-four hours. Such a quantity would constitute a valuable supplement to the supply now furnished to London; the more so, as the water appears to be of excellent quality. Judging from the wells sunk at a few miles from the city, the water is remarkably pure, soft, and limpid; and the nature of the Greensands is such as to insure a better quality of water from them than from some other strata. We attach the more importance to this fact, remembering that the Report of the Board of Health, published in 1850, deprecates the drinking of London well-water on account of the 'bad consequences' that follow its use, and the conclusive instances brought forward in proof of the hygienic benefits resulting from the use of soft water.

It is satisfactory to know, that the consideration here involved presents no difficulty; for chemical analysis has shown, that clay possesses a surprising power of absorbing soluble salts, and, consequently, while the waters are traversing loose sandy strata mixed with clay, the filtration would appear to be perfect, as cleansing and absorption go on at the same time. 'While it is considered,' says Mr. Prestwitch, 'that the waters have to pass through many miles of the Lower Greensand, in some places entirely silicious, and at other places partially argillaceous, it really becomes a question whether the water may not be, to a very great extent, freed from extraneous matter, and rendered by this means only, so far as regards the alkaline and earthy salts, comparatively soft and pure.' This, however, is a question which actual experiment can only determine. We should be glad to see it tried for the reasons already stated, as well as others not less obvious. It might be well worth considering, whether to fetch water from a distance of many miles, or from 1000 feet beneath the surface, be the preferable method. In the one case, the water has fallen from the clouds, far away in the pleasant country, where no smoke and few atmospheric impurities are present to contaminate it, and makes its way underground, through a natural filter, to the great central reservoir; in the other, it must flow through pipes or an uncovered channel. There is no risk of a barren result, for the quantity of water available every twenty-four hours would still be the same as above mentioned, even if no rain fell for a whole year. 'Let it be borne in mind,' pursues Mr. Prestwitch, 'that the effective permeable beds of the Lower Greensand are 200 feet thick—that they occupy an area above and below ground of 4600 square miles—that a mass of only one mile square and one

foot thick will hold more than 60,000,000 gallons of water—and some idea may be then formed of the magnitude of such an underground reservoir. A fall of one foot in the water-level throughout the whole area of outcrop, would give more than the quantity of water required for a year's consumption of London.' The temperature would be, according to depth, from 63 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

Another consideration is, how deep must we go for these abundant supplies of water?—a point on which our knowledge of the chalk-formation enables us to speak with little chance of error; and on careful calculation, it appears that a boring 1040 feet deep would be necessary to pierce the Lower Greensands. Great as this depth may appear, it presents no difficulty insurmountable by mechanical genius. Then with respect to the height to which the water will rise, Mr. Prestwitch argues, that the conditions being nearly the same as those of the well of Grenelle, near Paris, the result will be similar; and he assumes that in a well sunk in London, the water would rise from the Greensands to a height of from 120 to 130 feet above the surface. This at once gives a distributing power independent of machinery, and would be sufficient for most practical purposes.

An Artesian well may be called a natural spring artificially produced; its analogy to a spring, by which nature liberates her hidden watery treasures, is at once apparent. Like the spring, too, though somewhat turbid on first bursting out, it in a short time flows perfectly pure, and at the same time its chemical character will be improved by the action of the ceaseless stream on the salts with which the strata may be impregnated. This is an important fact, for a well might be condemned when first sunk, which, a few months later, would yield most excellent water.

In France, where Artesian wells are comparatively numerous, the water is used for all domestic purposes, and as a 'moving power for mills, factories, and hydraulic machines; for warming large buildings, for public wash-sheds, for irrigation on a large scale, for fish-ponds; in plantations of water-cress, paper-making, and the weathering of flax.' For purposes in which a uniform temperature is required, the water is peculiarly serviceable.

We think that Mr. Prestwitch has made out his case, and we regard his volume as a valuable aid towards that branch of progress which comprises sanitation, with commercial, physical, and moral economy. With these facts and views before them, no corporation or commission would be justified in



deciding on a mode of water-supply without first giving them due consideration. The question of cost may be simplified by referring to what has already been done: the well for the Blackwall Railway cost £8000; another, £4444, on the premises of Truman, Hanbury, & Co., the brewers; and others for lower sums, down to £20; but it should be borne in mind, that good part of the expense of the great London wells is for the machinery which must be always employed to pump up the water. This would be entirely saved by boring down to the Greensands, as the

water would, as we have shown, rise of itself to more than 100 feet above the surface. Mr. Prestwitch estimates £1800 to £2500 as the cost of boring down to the Upper Greensand; and to the Lower Greensand, £1000 more. When we remember that the supply is perennial, the item of cost falls low in comparison. The wells of Solomon, which have been flowing abundantly for ages in the parched Arabian desert, afford the most valuable and enduring evidence of the capabilities of Artesian wells.

## THE RUSSIAN GUY FAWKES.

AIR—"Popular."

I SING a Northern autocrat, old Nick the  
prince of Sinisters,  
Who made away with Turkey once, the Sultan  
and his Ministers:  
That is, he would have made away with them,  
but was prevented,  
For France and England stopped the way, and  
Nick was circumvented.

Chorus—Bow, wow, wow!

The Russian Bear is going to  
the dogs I trow.

A flimsy quarrel to hash up he soon was at no  
loss you see,  
And being out of temper said, "I'm fighting  
for the Cross you see!"  
Most piously upon his sword he then invoked a  
blessing,  
And vowed that with its naked edge he'd give  
the Turks a dressing.

Bow, wow, wow, &amp;c.

With coolness quite cucumbrian, despising all  
formalities,  
He sent his army to invade the neutral Prin-  
cipalities:  
Then passing o'er the Danube he besieged  
Constantinople,  
At least he has not done so yet, and never, we  
may hope, will.

Bow, wow, wow, &amp;c.

By sea his arms with victory not long were un-  
rewarded:  
Sinope's famous triumph stands in history re-  
corded;  
And yet opinions differ—no two men think the  
same now,  
For what he calls a victory we've quite another  
name now.

Bow, wow, wow, &amp;c.

Another drubbing soon he gave the Turks at  
Oltenitza,  
And made them run with holy gun, and holier  
howitzer:  
'Twas so at last his version ran—to horse-mar-  
rines and Prussians,

But according to the Turkish tale the rush was  
by the Russians.

Bow, wow, wow, &amp;c.

At Cronstadt too great stones he sank, with pow-  
der each well loaded,  
And thus blew up the British fleet, and all our  
hopes exploded;  
That is, he means to blow them up—the pa-  
pers clearly show it,  
But now the trick itself is blown we think he'll  
hardly do it.

Bow, wow, wow, &amp;c.

His pledged "parole de gentleman" he never  
once has broken,  
Nor crooked policy has shown, but upright and  
plainspoken:  
Upright, at least, he might have proved, but  
in truth there's no denying  
The attitude he has preserved towards us has  
been lying.

Bow, wow, wow, &amp;c.

They say his fleet outnumbered ours, but it must  
not be forgotten  
That recent travellers have found out one half  
his ships are rotten;  
If his forces are his weakness, he can't be very  
strong now,  
So we hope to make short work of him; it will  
not take us long now.

Bow, wow, wow!

The Russian Bear is going to  
the dogs I trow.

Punch.

## CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

ARISE betimes, while the *opal-colour'd* morn  
In golden pomp doth *May-dayes* door adorn;  
And patient heare th' all-differing voyces sweet  
Of painted singers that in groves do greet  
Their *love-bon-jours*, each in his phrase and  
fashion,  
From trembling peach uttering his earnest  
passion;  
And so thou mayst conceit what mingle-  
mangle  
Among his people everywhere did jangle.

*Sylvester's Du Bartas.*

From the Spectator.

### LIFE OF MRS. SHERWOOD.\*

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Sherwood has been before the public for fifty years as a writer of serious and didactic tales, she was scarcely of sufficient general importance to require a memoir of six hundred ample octavo pages, especially when her life really contained little of biographical incident. Her daughter, Mrs. Kelly, has considerably curtailed the fifteen volumes of manuscript from which this autobiography is drawn; but if only the characteristic events were to appear in a life, the volume might be melted down very considerably. Maternal feelings as to the beauty of children and of grief for their death, with recollections of excellent and amiable persons whom the writer encountered, might stand as not devoid of human interest. Long stories of Sunday and other schools, with memorials of the scholars, juvenile and other conversions brought about by means of the writer's books, frequent reflections or outpourings of the nature of prayer or praise, with many of the commonplaces of domestic life, might have been greatly curtailed or omitted altogether.

Yet it is probable that much further excision would have injured the book, not indeed as a biography, but as what it now really is, the reminiscences and commentary of a life. The writer's age, which carries her back to the last quarter of the last century, and her subsequent residence in India, would alone give attraction to the pictures of a society so different from our own. Her family and circumstances were not unfavorable to observation and the collection of anecdote. With a worldly vanity scarcely consistent in so Evangelical a person, Mrs. Sherwood delights to trace the origin of the family of her father, the Reverend George Butt, to the Conquest; deriving the name from "archery, the butts being the dead marks at which the archers shot." Mr. Butt, at all events, was well connected, a fascinating companion, and a man of very genial disposition—a "good Christian without knowing it," as Pope said of Garth. His friends and qualifications procured him profitable Church preferment, with a Royal chaplainship; and he attained some temporary distinction in literature. These circumstances threw Miss Butt into the company of eminent persons in their day, whose names are still preserved by a sort of tradition through literature. As she was a child of precocious intelligence and sharp observation, and had, when she

wrote her autobiography, acquired by long practice a style both copious and facile, the account of her childish and youthful days is very agreeable for the pictures of manners and domestic life eighty years ago, as well as for the anecdotes. This little sketch of Miss Seward, flavoured by a drop or two of vinegar, paints the poetess of Lichfield as more pleasing, and withal weaker, than we have hitherto pictured her—less associated with the *blue*.

"Miss Seward was at that period, when my father was a very young man, between twenty and thirty; for I know not her precise age. She had that peculiar sort of beauty which consists in the most brilliant eyes, glowing complexion, and rich dark hair. She was tall and majestic, and was unrivalled in the power of expressing herself. She was at the same time exceedingly greedy of the admiration of the other sex; and though capable of individual attachment, as she manifested in after life much to her cost, yet not very nice as to the person by whom the homage of flattery was rendered at her shrine.

"She was, in a word, such a woman as we read of in romances; and, had she lived in some dark age of the past, might have been charged with sorcery, for even in advanced life she often bore away the palm of admiration from the young and beautiful, and many even were fascinated who wholly condemned her conduct."

Here, from a later period, the writer's school days, is the author of "Our Village," at the age of four.

"I have said that Dr. Valpy and Dr. Mitford understood the high talents of Monsieur St. Q\*\*\*\*, and were his great associates. Dr. Mitford was then a physician in Reading, and I remember once going to a church in the town, which we did not usually attend, with Madame St. Q\*\*\*\*, and being taken into Mrs. Mitford's pew, where I saw the young authoress, Miss Mitford, then about four years old. Miss Mitford was standing on the seat, and so full of play that she set me on to laugh in a way which made me thoroughly ashamed.

"When next we met, Miss Mitford had become a middle-aged woman, and I was an old one."

Mr. George Butt was a native of Lichfield, and Johnson in his youth an intimate of the family; a connexion kept up in the Doctor's famous days. Of him Mrs. Sherwood has a story to tell.

"My mother, I remember well, used to tell me, that being out one day, walking with Mrs. Woodhouse under the trees in the Close of Lichfield, they met the celebrated Johnson. My mother happened to have a volume of *The Rambler*, or of *Rasselas*, I forget which, in her hand. Johnson seeing the book, took it from her, looked into it, and, without saying a word, threw it among the graves, from which my mother had to recover it. This was probably

\* The life of Mrs. Sherwood, (chiefly Autobiographical); with extracts from Mr. Sherwood's Journal during his Imprisonment in France and Residence in India. Edited by her Daughter, Sophia Kelly, Authoress of "The De Cliffords," &c. &c. Published by Darton & Co.

done in a fit of awkward vanity by the great Doctor, who, finding a young lady with one of his own volumes in her hand, could neither let the circumstance pass unheeded, as a man of less vanity would have done, nor make some polite speech, which a man with more address would have thought of; but he must needs act the bear and do the rudest thing he could do. Oh, poor human nature, how exceedingly absurd we all are! our very greatness, or imaginary or comparative greatness, makes our absurdities only the more remarkable. There is one thing, however, which I must be permitted to say; that if we know anything of ourselves, we shall be led to see that there is little cause for one human being to despise another on the score of folly."

The action was probably the result of a morbid temper at the moment: Johnson was not usually indifferent to flattery, even in a more direct form.

After a home education of a peculiar kind both by father and mother, Miss Butt was sent as parlour boarder at a celebrated school at Reading, conducted by a French gentleman who had been in the diplomatic service, and his English wife. As the Revolution advanced, numbers of emigrants came to Reading, and gathered round their compatriot.

"We had only just returned to Reading when the news came of the murder of the ill-fated Louis XVI. He was guillotined on the 21st of January, 1793, and I may truly say that all the civilized world were astounded at the fearful deed. France had dipped her hands in the blood of one of her most amiable, and assuredly one of her mildest and best-intentioned kings. If families who had no connexion with France truly and deeply lamented the fate of the King, how much more was his fate deplored in the family at the Abbey, half of the members of which were actually French, and the other half so deeply interested in what was going on in Paris, that it might have been thought many of us had lost a father. Monsieur and Madame went into deep mourning, as did also many of the elder girls. Multitudes of the French nobility came thronging into Reading, gathering about the Abbey, and some of them half living within its walls. Amongst these were several single and some married men, who were always about the house during the day, and very frequently came to supper in the evening. One of these, whom we the young ladies of the family thought very little of, was M. de Calonne, the ex-minister. We understood not then his importance in history, and in consequence we were better pleased with those nearer our own standing, and more delighted with the gay sallies of the young Chevalier St. Julien than the deep-toned political orations of the financier.

"No one in these days can have an idea of the effect which the tragedies wrought by the French at that time had on the minds of the

English. But, to return to these emigrants: there is nothing so difficult to appreciate as another person's feelings, and nothing on which we form more false estimates. There are in the world a set of whining, lugubrious persons, who are constantly speaking of past afflictions, and, as it were, for ever describing wounds, bruises, and running sores. These persons pass for such as feel deeply, whereas none but those whose feelings are very dead can bear to dwell long on the occasions of their sorrows. Where one has suffered much, one cannot linger in discourse, for there are certain feelings which must be avoided and suppressed. It is a question, whether the French are a deeply feeling nation in general? Be that as it may, there was, I am certain, a very acute and deep sense of sorrow for their King and his family, for their country and their homes, in the minds of the emigrants whom I knew at Reading. Some songs and airs seemed almost at times to work them up to a state of agony. One of our young ladies, one day, very thoughtlessly struck up the air of *Ca Ira* on the pianoforte, in the presence of the old sister of the Marquise St. Julien, mother of the chevalier I named above. The poor lady jumped up from her chair, flew out of the house and into the street, wringing her aged hands and crying aloud like one deranged; and it was with difficulty we could get her back."

Another glimpse Miss Butt had of the refugees at Bristol was of a different kind.

"Here I had another view of the French emigrant nobility, and by no means so favourable a one as I had had at Reading. One of these gentlemen, however, seemed to be a highly respectable man, and much depressed with his country's griefs; another was even more gay and thoughtless a man than my old friend the Chevalier St. Julien, although his family, as he himself told us, was in most distressing circumstances. He had, it seems, a young wife in France, and she, in order to save him from destruction, had on one occasion pretended that she knew him to be dead, and, in order to try the truth of this assertion, the authorities of the moment had insisted upon her choosing another husband. She had selected the only man she could trust, namely, an old bailiff or steward, and with him had gone through the ceremony of marriage, and had found him a loyal and faithful protector during the Reign of Terror. This was the story told by the young nobleman to my godmother, and told with a heart so light that he was ready the next moment to sing, dance, and flirt with me, the only young lady within his circle of acquaintance."

Miss Butt married her first cousin by the mother's side, an officer in the Fifty-third Regiment. Captain Sherwood, in early youth, had gone through more troubles and adventures than fall to the lot of most people. The boy's father had quarrelled with his own father, Mr. Sherwood the

elder; had plunged, it was supposed out of revenge, into the Democratic excesses of the time; and finally went to France as a friend of Freedom! He also removed his children from the care of the family, and got disinherited, the property at the disposal of the grandfather being left to the grandchildren. To cap the business, the black sheep took a Frenchwoman for a second wife, and neglected the children he had removed from their relations in England. On the accession of the Terrorists and the breaking out of the war, Mr. Henry Sherwood with his family became suspected as English; were separately imprisoned, half-starved, and only reached England with great difficulty, after the downfall of Robespierre, by the circuitous route of Switzerland, Germany, and Hamburg. Captain Sherwood drew up an account of these adventures on his return, which is printed in the present volume, and forms one of the most interesting parts of it. It begins with an outbreak at Toulon, whither the youth had gone as an amateur sailor, in an old vessel which his father had bought, it was thought to oblige a friend with the command.

"On returning to our brig on the Sunday, on which day I had been to see the chapel of *Nôtre Dame*, whilst walking about the street, at the corner of one of them, I fell in with a mob, dragging with them certain unfortunate persons, whom these wretches were going to murder in the fury of their Democratical zeal.

"One of these doomed men was so tall that his head appeared clearly above those of the populace; he had no covering on it, and was otherwise dressed like a sportsman, in a short shooting-jacket and spatterdashes. He was pale, but looked with contempt on the crowd around. I followed this mob without knowing what they were about. I saw a man let down a lamp which hung from a rope suspended across the street. Having taken down the lamp, they hung their prisoner in cool blood with the same rope, fastening him to the place from whence they had taken the lamp. It was a dreadful sight; but when I would have fled, the people caught me by the arm and detained me. I was afterwards afraid to attempt to get away. They hung another of their prisoners (whose name I heard was *Vasque*) by the feet, and afterwards cut him down, opened his body, and dragged it round the city, singing and dancing in their mad and cruel excitement, as they followed the mutilated and mangled form. As soon as I could get away unobserved, I fled to the brig, and in my way saw several bodies hanging to the lamp-cords, the frequent cry on these occasions being '*A la lanterne! à la lanterne!*'"

Young Henry Sherwood's imprisonment at Abbeville, and the subsequent long journeying of the family when reunited, furnish as good a picture of the strange disjointed

state of the Continent at that time as we remember to have seen. From his narrative it seems clear that the proceedings of the Revolutionists were disapproved by the mass of the people, but submitted to and even applauded from fear, or rather the want of a power of acting publicly together. He met with less fanaticism and less cruelty than others have encountered, and more general good-nature. The troubles of a penniless boy in a prison, where the allowance of black bread was scant and irregular, needs no comment. This account of his liberation is a curious picture of kindness, sense, sentiment, absurdity, and love of theatrical effect.

"In the end of December a grand ceremonial fête was enacted; it was called '*The Fête de la Raison*;' and it was celebrated as usual in the *Place d'Armes*. The intent was to show the superiority that reason had over revelation or religion, called on that occasion superstition. A large platform was erected, and near it an immense pile of wood, on which was placed a monstrous figure called *Superstition*, together with many pictures, images, crucifixes, and Madonnas, from the churches. An actress of noted bad character represented the Goddess of Reason, who, with her torch, was to fire the pile and reduce it to ashes. Yet at this very fête, such was the feeling of the populace and National Guard, that I saw many of the little images, pictures, &c., plucked out of the fire; and some of these were even brought into our prison, and publicly shown to us English, whilst curses were poured out against the Government, by them called the nation, for the desecration of their holy things. Whilst this mockery was going on I was sent for, and I found my little tailor [a man in authority who had been a tailor] disposed to be very kind. He told me that reason declared that I at my age, sixteen, could not be answerable for the crimes of my country, and that Dumont, the Representative of the people, was going to release many prisoners, as an act of grace, and me among the number.

"I observed that liberty was of no use to me without bread; but he kindly persuaded me, saying, 'Take your liberty, at all events, and if nothing better offers, you can return to prison.'

"After the exhibition at the platform in the *Place d'Armes*, the procession moved on to the principal church, where was another platform erected over what formerly was the altar. On this platform stood André Dumont, wearing a peculiar dress, as a member of the Convention, and in his hand he held a hat or cap having three long ostrich feathers in it. On his right stood the Goddess of Reason, and some few attendants placed around them for effect. Dumont was addressing the crowd as I entered; he was talking of the harlequinades of the priests; he said, 'There was neither heaven nor hell, neither resurrection, angel,

nor spirit ; but that a fate attended us all, he knew not from whence, or how it happened ; so that no one could say why Louis XIV. died in his bed and Louis XVI. on the scaffold.'

"When he had finished his oration all those détonées who were to be released advanced to the platform : I was one in the rank, and we were directed to ascend some steps on the one side of the altar, pass across it, receive the accolade, and descend on the other side.

"The Goddess of Reason, dressed like Minerva, with a spear in her hand, gave us this accolade, which was a touch as we passed, it being supposed that by this touch our fetters were to fall off. The owl was exchanged on her helmet for a cock, and on the point of her spear was the cap of liberty ; her train was held by four of the Municipality, and as she moved the persons near fell on their knees, as they do at the passing of the Host in Roman Catholic countries. At the moment that my turn came to receive the accolade the stage cracked and gave symptoms of falling. We all, with the goddess, rushed to the side of the platform to save ourselves. As I was the youngest of our party, I mean of the males, more notice was taken of me than the others, and her goddessship embraced me twice. Dumont asked me if I would serve in a French ship ; but he did not press it, which was well for me, for I was at the moment so excited that I began to speak of and defend my country, scarcely knowing what I said. Strange to say, he also praised the English, but regretted that we were governed by a tyrant."

A large part of Mrs. Sherwood's life was passed in India, whither her husband was ordered with his regiment. Her account of her labours to educate the orphans of the soldiers and others, her sketches of India as it was at that time, as well as of some of her religious friends, amongst others Henry Martyn, appeal to our common feelings, though they are not biographical, and are somewhat weak from the diffuseness of the style. The writer's experience, however,

is chiefly confined to the religious world. The religious idea of Anglo-Indians in general half a century ago is indicated in an anecdote.

"It was about the month of February that the Reverend Mr. Jeffries (one of the Company's chaplains, a venerable person, and the father of ten children) called to see us on his way up from Calcutta to Furruckabad, to which station he had been appointed. We were very much pleased with him ; and he told us that, in the beginning of the year 1806, three clergymen arrived from Cambridge, appointed chaplains in Bengal, the Reverends Mr. Martyn, Mr. Corrie, and Mr. Parson. These gentlemen, Mr. Jeffries told us, were, according to the term then in use, called Methodists, that is, close followers of the Thirty-nine Articles ; whilst the chaplains on the establishment before, with the exception of Dr. Buchanan and David Browne, were unhappily believed to have been inclined to Socinianism.

"Mr. Martyn's doctrines were therefore thought very strict, when he delivered them in Calcutta ; and he was commented on with some bitterness by the superior chaplains, who considered that doctrines should be left out of the question altogether in sermons, and morality only preached. The controversy was carried on in the pulpit, and all Calcutta became excited on the subject. Mr. Jeffries never spoke publicly on one side or the other, as he was a military chaplain, and on a distinct service, till he was called upon to give his opinion in Calcutta ; which he did by reading the Homily on the subject under agitation instead of a sermon. The subject of the homily was, I think, 'Justification by Faith.' The homily, of course, went against the preachers of a cold morality, and caused great anger. The inhabitants of Calcutta were divided respecting the propriety of reading this homily ; one side remarked, 'that they wondered that Mr. Jeffries should read so old a book, for were we not making improvements every year in the sciences, and of course, in religion also ?'"

**CORPULENCE A CRIME.**—Mr. Bruce has written, in his *Classic and Historic Portraits*, that the ancient Spartan paid as much attention to the rearing of men as cattle dealers in modern England do to the breeding of cattle. They took charge of firmness and looseness of men's flesh ; and regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful, in a free state, for any citizen to extend his body. Those who dared to grow too fat, or too soft for military exercise and the service of Sparta, were soundly whipped. In one particular instance, that of Naucelis, the son of Polytus, the offender was brought before the Ephori, at a meeting of the whole people of Sparta, at which his unlawful fatness was publicly exposed ; and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass, and give

up his culpable mode of living ; which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than a son of Lacedæmon.

**CHANCE READING NEVER COMES AMISS.**—Dr. Hammond's method was (which likewise he recommended to his friends) after every sermon to resolve upon the ensuing subject ; that being done, to pursue the course of study which he was then in hand with, reserving the close of the week for the provision for the next Lord's Day. Whereby not only a constant progress was made in science, but materials unawares were gained unto the immediate future work ; for he said, *be the subjects treated of never so distant, somewhat will infallibly fall in conducive unto the present purpose.*—Dr. Wordsworth's *Eccles. Biog.*



## A WAR CATECHISM.

*(To be answered by those whom it may concern.)*

"Who is it can't finally make up his mind,  
In sending our cavalry over the water,  
If it's safer to trust them to steam or to wind?"

(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).

"Who can't fix, if for troopers to sail all the way,  
Or to march across France be the easier and shorter?"

Who to-morrow finds out he was all wrong to-day?"

(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).

"Who keeps soldiers and generals dangling behind,  
While the Russians are marching, our allies

to slaughter,  
To remonstrances deaf, and to reasoning blind?"

(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).

"Who sends Commissariat officers out—  
Less active by half, than SIR JOHN BURGOYNE'S daughter—

Knowing nothing of all they should know most about?"

(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).

"Who leaves sick without physic, and well without grub?"

What's become of that much bepuffed ship-load of porter?"

Who allows each and all, on hap-hazard, to rub?"

(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).

"Who keeps transports waiting for freight, till on each

The demurrage runs up to a sum would have bought her?"

Who shoots out, like raw lobsters, our troops on the beach?"

(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).

"Who loads soldiers' backs till they're ready to faint;

Sticks their necks in a stock that is positive tortur'?"

Makes 'em shave what is useful, and polish what ain't?"

(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).

"Why must not common sense teach that old fool, Routine,

And oust her, if still she won't practice what's taught her?"

Is the soldier a man, or a drilling-machine?"

(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).

*Punch.*

## CHAPTER IX.

## BEING A CHAPTER OF DOCUMENTS.

SOME people may think it a little matter—but the world is made up of little matters—the effect produced upon Molly by the change she saw take place in Sara's demeanour. It is true, she did not consider this change logically, lay down her hypotheses like Elizabeth, and proceed to found upon them a course of action; but her feeling was as good as some other folk's thinking: she knew what had occurred by a process altogether different from that of ratiocination; and when she heard the wheels of the bread-cart rattling among the further houses, she made up her mind on the instant. Now, this sound had hitherto been the signal for all the sauciness of Molly's nature to boil up from the bottom, sparkle in her round eyes, and hiss at the tip of her tongue; and when the baker drew up at the side-door, he received so many smiling insolences in return for his loaves and courtesies, that off and again he resolved to keep company instead with Betty at the Hall. On this occasion, however, no sooner did the first faint murmur of the wheels strike upon Molly's tympanum, than she rushed like a whirlwind to her own dormitory, laved her face with soap and water till it shone again, combed and oiled her glossy black hair, and put on a clean apron

as white as snow. She then hastened down to the side-door, and as the light cart drew up, instead of standing to have the bread flung to her—which she generally returned with a toss as being either too crusty or too uncrusty—she stepped mincingly across the footway, and held up to the young man an insidiously soft and innocent face, and a snowy apron. Down jumps he on the instant all on a flush and flutter; he will carry the bread into the kitchen for her; he will hold the door open, that she may enter first; and—it is needless to make a mystery of the matter—he will have a kiss from her rich, warm lips behind it: an impudence which Molly resented with a slap that would not have foundered a butterfly. From that hour, the young man was a lost baker.

If this is a small matter to set down in our history, it was a very important matter for Sara's comfort. It is astonishing how well the two agreed after it; it was as if their souls had been brought into harmony with a turning-key; and Sara, who was ignorant of the nature of the change in Molly, feeling unconsciously the sympathy that was now between them, came to the opinion that the poor girl was turning a very sensible girl after all. But a trial was in waiting for her own nerves, which put all such speculations out of her head for the time. One morning, while they were at the breakfast-table, her

aunt received a post-letter, addressed to her in the handwriting of Miss Heavystoke, the late governess, and Sara expected that when she had finished its perusal, the document would be placed in her hands as usual, that it might be read aloud for the benefit of the whole. Elizabeth, however, when she had got to the end, folded up the letter slowly, and began to sip her tea without uttering a word. The captain was withheld, by his customary gentlemanly feeling, from testifying any curiosity, but looked surprised and anxious; and Sara, whose fears were for him, watched her aunt with an interest which, in reference to so simple a circumstance, would have been absurd in a less simple family. It was always in vain, however, to try to collect anything from Elizabeth's eyes. When she had finished breakfast, she rose, still silent, from her chair, and settling her dress about her, and squaring her elbows, walked out of the room.

Sara did not dare to look at her uncle, for she felt as if something awful was coming; and the two sat for some time in an awkward and expectant silence, which was at length broken by Elizabeth calling her niece from the top of the stairs. The young lady obeyed the summons, though not in her usual bounding manner, with her heart in her steps. On entering the room, she found that her aunt had subsided into a chair by merely bending her knees, her elbows retaining their squareness, and the letter held between her two hands, that were folded in front. Another chair was close beside her; and Sara seeing that it was intended for her, sat down in it, and looked inquiringly at her aunt; whereupon the virgin put an arm round her in her usual affectionate but highly uncomfortable manner, touching the waist she embraced only with the tips of her bent fingers, and addressed her as follows:—

‘It has often been remarked, that the disappointments of life have a greater pang for the young than the old, although many are of opinion that, in the case of the former, the effect is less enduring—that the slender twig, when the blast is over, rises as easily as it bent. But it may be doubted whether this is any good reason for withholding our sympathy, since during the act of bending there may be a grief and a pang intense in proportion to the vigour of the young life they deal with. If heart-disappointments are the bitterest of all, as some authors hold, then must the individual who is thus tried become the object of our tenderest compassion; but if that compassion be heightened by fellow-feeling—and here the fingers of the virgin trembled on her niece's waist—if the history of the sympathiser chance to be overshadowed with a heart-misery as great, and more hopeless, need I describe the attraction that will draw these two souls together, or the benefit that will be derived by the new plunger into the valley of the shadow of death from the counsels of one who has trodden it before?’

‘Can it be that Robert is dead?’ thought Sara's quaking heart.

‘Before putting into your hands a letter,’ continued Elizabeth, ‘which may lay low the

castles of your youthful dreams, I considered it my duty to address to you these few plain words of consolation, that you may see distinctly what is without you, and feel vividly what is within. I will now leave you alone during the perusal; and when you have finished, I trust I shall find you prepared to listen with resignation to some few healing remarks, of which you have heard the exordium.’ And so saying, Elizabeth kissed her niece on the brow with all the warmth of her nature, and glided, slow and stately, out of the room.

After such an exordium, the trepidation with which Sara unfolded the letter will not be wondered at. The document ran thus:—

LUXTON CASTLE, *Wednesday.*

‘MY DEAR MADAM—I have received a long letter from Miss Sara in reply to my few lines announcing the comfortable situation I had obtained here. The letter is so charmingly composed that I am quite proud of my pupil: handwriting, however, a little headlong here and there, as if the pen had run away with the fingers, instead of the fingers controlling the pen. Likewise, the *t's* not uniformly crossed, and a *g* unlooped. But I would not have you mention these matters to her at present; for if my penetration was not much at fault when I had the pleasure of residing in your house—and it seldom is at any time—she will have enough to do, poor dear! to bear up against the things I have further to write.

‘Lord Luxton is a good-humoured, hearty old man, such as I would call decidedly vulgar—only he isn't; and when he was taken suddenly ill the other day, we were all much grieved. It was supposed at first to be apoplexy, seeing that he has a short neck, and is much devoted to his dinner; and his brother, Sir Vivian Falcontower, was sent for express. But in a day or two he rallied, and came down stairs almost as well as ever, although the doctors would not allow him to stir out of doors. In the meantime, his brother and niece arrived at the castle, and the neighbouring families came to pay visits of congratulation on his recovery; and one lady and gentleman brought with them two old friends of yours, who were staying with them at the time—Mrs. Seacole and her son.

‘Mrs. Seacole was condescending and lady-like as usual, but when I asked how she had left the inmates of the Lodge, she answered so slightly that I was surprised. I at length ventured to hint at the interesting positions of the two families in relation to each other, and she broke into a laugh of surprise and ridicule.

‘I am surprised, my dear Miss Heavystoke,’ said she, ‘to hear a lady of your experience talk in that way. My son is only twenty-one, and that niece, pretty girl, Miss Sara, is still younger. It would be a hard case, indeed, if young people could not romp and flirt at their little tea-parties, without being booked by older ones as man and wife. Adolphus is now of age, and has left the make-believe world for the real one, and will marry, doubtless, in good time, in his own position. I have too high an

opinion of Miss Sara's good sense to suppose that she misunderstands anything that has passed between us as boy and girl; but if you think she does, it would only be doing your duty—and every body knows Miss Heavystoke is not slow at that—to let her know that the festival which celebrates the arrival at his majority of a young man of fortune, is a line of demarcation which separates for ever the ideal from the real of life." You may think how much I was astonished at this speech, considering what I had heard her say on the same subject before; but ere I could collect myself for an answer, she was gone.

"The next day, when my little charge, Lord Luxton's grand-niece, and I were at our studies in our own room, Mr. Seacole came in abruptly.

"Pardon me, Miss Heavystoke," said he, "but I have only an instant, and I must seize the opportunity to inquire after our friends at the Lodge. Have you heard from them?—and when?"

"I have heard from Miss Sara," said I—but he followed my eye like lightning, and appeared to be about to dart upon the letter, which lay upon the table before me.

"Oh," said I, "I have no objection to your reading it; there are no secrets in it; and it will tell you the whole news of the family."

"It is beautifully written," said he: "you must have taken great pains with Sara—I see your style in every line. There is a sentence here I must copy, it is turned so neatly: as the letter is of no consequence, you will not mind trusting it with me till to-morrow?" and cramming it into his pocket, he was off in an instant. I cannot say I liked the proceeding, but still his remark was natural, for the style could not be mistaken, and I was in hopes the young man might derive a useful lesson from it himself. I was in great concern, however, at the difference of feeling between himself and his mother, and I hardly knew what part it was proper for me to take. But it soon appeared that Mrs. Seacole knew very well what she was about, and that her son did not.

"When Sir Vivian Falcontower, the brother and heir-presumptive of Lord Luxton, arrived, with his daughter, from London, the whole house took a new aspect. They are very great people, it seems, of high fashion, and as unlike the old peer as possible. Everything was to be done by rule; the servants hardly whispered as they went about; and I expected to see in Miss Falcontower a severe and haughty lady of rank—probably an old maid. But how much was I deceived! a simple, artless creature was this woman of fashion, a girl not many years older than Miss Sara—and oh, how lovely! with a pair of eyes like condensed lightning, but flashing in a rapid stream when she turned it on. Yet simple and artless though she seemed, she was somehow the mistress of everything and person around her. The lightest word, the briefest glance, was a command; and her softness and calmness, instead of setting people at their ease, made them hold their breath.

"Mr. Seacole, I regret to say, was the first

to fall under her sway. I do not think he spoke to her often, but sometimes the mother contrived it, and after a few days he was constantly hovering about the house, and appearing and vanishing in the grounds. I could not get speech of him alone for a moment, though I tried hard to compass it, for I considered it an improper thing that Miss Sara's handwriting should remain in his possession, more especially when I saw how things were going on. At last the time of the Falcontowers' departure arrived, and Mrs. Seacole and her son, who had become quite gracious with them, came over to bid good-by. I saw the mother draw Sir Vivian's attention away; I saw the shake of the hand between the other two; I saw the look that lightened upon the young man's face, and I knew it would not be forgotten.

"When the carriage drove off, Mr. Seacole, instead of going down the avenue with his mother, darted into the grounds; but I knew his destination, and was determined to reclaim the letter, as I was pretty sure I should see him no more at the castle. I overtook him at a place near which the high road sweeps after a long detour, and accosted him just as he was about to ascend the eminence.

"Mr. Seacole," said I, out of breath, "be so good as to return me the letter you took from my table."

"What letter? I have lost it—it is at home—I know nothing about it."

"I will have it," said I. "I call upon you as a gentleman to return what is not your own, and what you had no permission to take."

"Hang it!" cried he, with an emphasis that might have suited a worse exclamation; and snatching a letter from his breast-pocket, he put it into my hands, and ran up the hill. I turned away in great concern for poor Miss Sara, and was near the house before I thought of looking at the recovered autograph—when I found that it was some trumpery letter from a companion of his own. In the afternoon, I walked over to the house where the Seacoles were staying, but found they had taken their departure an hour before.

"I have now, my dear madam, come to the end of my afflicting narrative, and I need not point out to you the necessity for breaking the affair gradually and tenderly to our dear girl. She will suffer, I fear, in health as well as spirits; but she will get over it in time. Camomile tea would be a good thing for her in the morning; likewise of a Sunday the Chorus of the Israelites on the piano, and that grand Hallelujah; together with a table-spoonful now and then of my own mixture, which would have done your foolish Molly so much good in her sick headache, if she had not spat it all out in a rage. I enclose the letter Mr. Seacole gave me by mistake, and with kindest love to the injured sufferer, and respectful compliments to the captain, I am, my dear madam, ever faithfully yours,  
 MARTHA HEAVYSTOKE."

We will not say that this letter was altogether without its share of mortification for Sara; for even the most humane women like to see

their rejected suitors suffer a little. However, with the aid of a touching homily from her aunt, she very soon recovered her spirits; and Elizabeth took great credit to herself for the skilful way in which she had managed so delicate an affair—her niece's disclaimer of any tender feelings towards young Seacole having, of course, no weight with so shrewd a woman of the world.

When they went down stairs, the captain was not in the parlour, which rather surprised Elizabeth, who had made him acquainted with the contents of the letter while Sara was reading it, and who naturally expected that he would be anxious to know how his niece had taken it. After some time, however, he made his appearance; embraced Sara affectionately; and then sat down without speaking, to amuse himself, as usual, with the Army List—looking, as the two ladies thought, uncommonly cold and stern. A remark made some time after by Molly, threw a light upon the matter which terrified Sara.

'What ever can the captain be going to do with his pistols?' said she to her young mistress. 'He has been a-taking out and putting in the nails, and cleaning everything like a new pin, and looking all the while as dreadful calm as if his mind was made up—I don't know what about.' Sara, on hearing this, considered that it was no time to stand upon scruples of delicacy; so she flew to the veteran, told him exactly her position with Adolphus, and expressed the pleasure she felt that he had already been able to console himself for her refusal of his hand.

'Why did you refuse so good an offer?' asked the captain in surprise, and perhaps with some suspicion.

'Because I did not like him well enough to accept it,' replied Sara; 'and you now see by the unsteadiness of his feelings and fancies, that I was right. But perhaps Miss Heavy-stoke's enclosure may throw some light upon the subject. I put it into my pocket and forgot it. But is it proper to read another person's letter?'

'Quite proper,' decided the captain, 'since that other person has read yours. It is an indisputable law of strategy; and I remember at the siege of—no matter: let us hear what it says; and first, what is the writer's name?'

'Fancourt—Mrs. Seacole's cousin, I declare: the same who danced with you, dear aunt.'

'And a very gentlemanlike fellow too,' said the captain—'hey, Elizabeth?'

'When a man,' replied his sister, 'wears what I have heard denominated in the gay world a white choke, without looking like a footman, he is perhaps entitled to be set down as a gentleman. The individual you allude to wore the sort of cravat in question, and did not look like a footman, even when handing a glass of orangeade: I leave the deduction to intelligent minds.'

'Say away, then, Sara.'

ALDANY, Thursday.

'MY DEAR ADOLPHUS—Your mother wants

me to write you a letter of advice—isn't that rich? And about what, think you? Why, you have been flirting, it seems, with a rural beauty, possessing a fortune that, if judiciously invested, might enrich you with eighty or ninety pounds a year; and your respected parent is afraid you mean to marry her! These poor mothers! Their sons never grow into men for them: even when they have come of age, and are about to burst into the world, they look upon them as if they were still at the era when sugar-plums and red apples are the grand prizes of life. You and I know better, and I will not throw my wisdom away upon you.

'Only thus far I will counsel you. If the girl is the niece of the—the'—(here the writing seemed to become illegible, for Sara hesitated)—'of the graceful lady I danced with'—(we would bet a trifle that the indistinct words really ran: of the fusty old maid I trotted out)—'she is absolutely a nice creature, as sweet as a sugar-plum, and with cheeks as red as an apple. Now, in a case like this, a little inconstancy does a fellow's reputation good; it is so much stock to trade upon when he sets out upon his adventures in real life! and for that reason, I would not have you let the girl down too easily. Make her feel the disappointment—she will soon get over it; and let a few pensive looks and disconsolate sighs follow you in your new career.

'But to drop these little matters, that are so very little to grown men—I have to say a word to you about a subject of more consequence. Like every other inheritor of a snug estate, you are of course turning over in your mind the question of that necessary absurdity—marriage; and, like every other man of spirit, you are of course determined to have your *quid pro quo*, and not to throw yourself away for nothing. Now, I am for having you look a little high when you are about it. The neighbourhood where you now are, I happen to know, will presently be illumined by a star of the first magnitude, a niece of Lord Luxton. She is beautiful, fashionable, clever, connected with the first families in the kingdom, and at first sight far above a simple estated gentleman; but there are circumstances in her position which rectify the balance. Claudia Falcontower has been the victim of a theory. She has fought the battle of life in a series of mathematical problems, without making due allowance for the effect of extraneous or coincidental circumstances. Her stern, unyielding plan has usually succeeded for a while; but in the long-run, there has always come from an unexpected quarter, ignored by her philosophy, some sudden and destructive blow; and thus has she toppled down in her aspirations, from a strawberry leaf through sundry gradations to a red right hand—why not to the crest of an esquire? She has no money; but by her talents and family influence, she would make you one of the first men in the kingdom, and as her husband, you would at once take rank in the highest circles of the aristocracy.

'Claudia, observe, has as yet suffered no

heart disappointment the world knows of—whether she has a heart at all to suffer may even be a question. But you are a likely young fellow—and you know it, Dolphy—of a family as ancient, though untitled, as her own, and the inheritor of a fair estate; and after all her strategetic calamities, it may just occur to her, if you shew yourself at the critical time, that it would be as easy to make her husband great as to find a great husband ready made. But beware of love, my boy, or the game is up at the outset. That is all very well for your country sugar-plums and rosy apples, but Claudia would fool your passion to the top of its bent, and then laugh at you. She is not so young as she looks—she is a deep one, she is; and you must play warily. Remember, it is a bad taste to compliment, except when the woman is ugly. A magnificent creature like Claudia knows very well what you must think of her, and to say it in words—words that have become nauseous from repetition—will only make her yawn. Let her see that you admire her person, venerate her talents, and that you have a very tolerable respect for your own position. Try your luck, old fellow, and go in and win! Adieu, my dear Dolphy; believe me, ever yours,

SEDLAY FANCOURT.'

This letter did not disturb much the good-humour either of the reader or the hearers. Elizabeth's indignation at the cruelty that would have had her niece continue to suffer from a misplaced attachment, was lost in her triumph at having so skillfully healed the wound before it could be tampered with by the enemy. The captain, who knew how matters really stood, was amused at the idea of the rejected suitor being counselled not to let down his victim too easily. As for Sara, having grown wondrously learned in human nature ever since her musical performance in the garden, she was not deceived by Mr. Fancourt's advice to his cousin to pay court to the lady of fashion. This, she saw clearly, was only a ruse to draw the young man's thoughts from dwelling exclusively on her, and she almost pitied Adolphus for the snare he had fallen into. What kind of person, she wondered, was in reality this terrible Claudia? Might not the enigma of her character be solved by supposing that she was still immersed in the life-politics of her class, only because her woman's heart had never yet been touched? What would be Robert's fate if he chanced, in the course of his adventures in the world, to fall in with an enchantress like this? Would he smile sternly at the sorceries that could not reach his moral character? or, striking the hitherto untouched chord, would he etherealise this material beauty till he loved it? Would he warm the cold nature, elevate the conventional views, and endowing her genius with his own nobler qualities, avail himself of the brilliance of hers, and of the influence of her rank, and thus give himself to fortune? Sara viewed this picture for a moment with dismay; but anon she smiled at the notion of one, whose lot it was to work his way up from the densest obscurity,

falling into any association of equality with a high-born and high-bred lady like this; and Sara even admitted, for she would be candid notwithstanding her admiration of her friend, that the sympathies of the Miss Falcontowers of the time ran little risk of being awakened by a man who supported himself by the work of his hands, as well as the work of his brain.

A specimen of the latter work was speedily before her; and a great day it was in Simple Lodge when the substantial octavo Mrs. Margery called a quarterly made its appearance. The captain read the title-page, imprint and all, but lost himself completely in the advertisements, of which he declared he could make neither head nor tail. Elizabeth, better acquainted with literature, got at the table of contents, and finding there an analysis of the works of Samphinplunger, the great German psychologist, marked the article for future perusal. The Review then came of right into the hands of Sara, who read Robert's paper aloud, sitting in such a position as to screen the criminality of Molly, who, in defiance of an express law upon the subject, left a chink of the door open, that she might listen outside. The article was of a practical nature, concerning the progress of the people, and written more especially with reference to a legislative measure then making its slow way through the Houses of Parliament. The views were bold and striking, the style energetic, and the whole exhibited unquestionable proofs, if not of a practised pen, at least of a vigorous and masculine mind. If we were compiling a Book, we would of course insert the document entire; but standing, as we do, in awe of gods, men, and columns, we venture only on a brief extract, bearing on the individuality of the writer, and having thus a direct connection with our history. The captain himself had probably a misty suspicion of the fact; for when Sara had finished the paragraph, although he had hitherto listened and made no sign, he called out sharply: 'Read that again!' and she accordingly read again as follows:—

'But all such plans for the regeneration of a people in the condition of the English will fail, unless they are in the first place brought back to that respect for Labour which is the distinguishing feature of all those young communities that are destined to achieve greatness. We do not mean respect for labour of a particular kind, but for all labour. As it is, we attach ourselves, generally speaking, to some trade or calling, and if that fails, we throw ourselves upon the state for support, or perish. We never consider that we are sent into the world to battle with the earth, the elements, and our fellow-men for a subsistence, not by the exercise of one faculty, or capability, but of all our powers.

'Emigrants to a new country are told that they must adapt themselves to circumstances; that they must discard all preconceived notions of gentility, or of confinement within particular circles of employment, and work—work—at anything, everything, that comes in the way. And what is this world to us all but a new



country, into which we come naked and inexperienced, to wrest from the contact of circumstances the knowledge and skill that will enable us to fight the battle of life? Why should we place ourselves in the footsteps of preceding individuals or generations, and fancy the path our own peculiar world? Why should we consider every kind of labour but that to which we are accustomed degrading or impossible? All labour is honourable, for the end and purpose of all labour are the same. He who works, if his work should be but a hedge or a ditch, is worthy of respect; and he alone who stands idle, because his peculiar employment has dried up, and so permits himself to fall into starvation or beggary, is a fit object of contempt. Respect for labour is the secret of the rise of a country destined to become great; the loss of this respect is the signal of its fall. In Great Britain, the conventional superstitions that enthral our souls are ominous of senility and decline. It is only abroad that the Anglo-Saxon blood is able to assert its dignity—that the delivered bondmen of caste and gentility, restored to the natural respect for labour, erect new empires beyond the ocean that are destined to be the seats of liberty and civilisation when Europe has fallen into decay.

## CHAPTER X.

## THEORY AND PRACTICE.

THE writer of the paragraph with which the last chapter closed was just in the proper position for expatiating on such a subject. His days, from an early hour in the morning, were spent in a mechanical employment, and his evenings in preparing another literary paper demanding all the powers of his intellect; and these powers were summoned not the less successfully that his studies were carried on in the front parlour, the scene of Mrs. Margery's manipulations, and that the worthy ex-cook, and an assistant maid, were unremittingly busy around him both with their hands and tongues. He had thought at first of the extravagance of having a fire in his bedroom; but the practice of an evening or two rendered it easy for him to abstract his thoughts from what was passing around him. We can easily understand this ourselves, for the hand that now moves the pen never wrote better in its humble way, than when the other hand was holding a squalling baby, while the knee on which the imp un-rested counterfeited the motion of a cradle, and the lips that were inwardly fashioning sentences were outwardly giving forth a prolonged and monotonous 'Hush-h-h!'

One evening Robert's attention was drawn from his work by a human face appearing above the muslin window-blind, the shutters not being yet closed. He could not at first make out who the individual was, the nose being flattened against the pane to the size and shape of a crown piece; but presently the small quick eyes darting to every corner of the room assured him it was Driftwood. When the artist, satisfied with his survey, came in, he was warmly greeted both by his cousin and pupil.

'You're very well, Margery?' said he—'and well to do, old lass, I see that: work—work—it's in the family!'

'Sit you down, John, and give us all your news; and although it's not nearly so good as we had it at Wearyfoot, I'll send for some ale!'

'No, you won't. Hot water's the thing at this season.'

'Goodness gracious—hot water?'

'Well, if there must be something in it, let it be gin; but don't send for more than a pint Margery. So, old fellow, art wouldn't do with you after you lost your master?'

'No, it would not—especially after they locked me out of the studio.'

'That was improper—decidedly improper; if that rascally boy had only been at his post! but never mind, it's all set to rights now, and you may come back to-morrow.'

'Are you serious? Have you actually returned to Jermyn Street?'

The artist nodded affirmatively.

'I am really concerned to hear it. I happen to know—for merit will out—that in the out-of-door's-line, as you call it, you are the very first of the craft; and is that not better than being merely one of a host? Besides, you cannot disguise from yourself that in the studio you were hardly able to live.'

'My dear boy, it is the fate of all the modern masters at first; the dealers and amateurs must get used to us by degrees. Great painters have their own way of doing things, and it stands to reason that this will be resented for a time by the taste it seems to defy. I have myself a peculiar style—a very peculiar style, I humbly conceive—and that is the reason why I am so long of moving; but when I do move, up I shall go like a rocket, and no mistake! Why, it is only the other day I dashed off a Robin Hood in a way that, on canvas, would have fetched any money—any money, sir; but being on wood, I assure you, when going to look at it now and then, I spent the price in beer and bread-and-cheese. Mark me, however, I don't mean to do anything imprudent. While reproducing on canvas my Robin Hood and several other things I have lately thrown away upon timber, I intend taking a leaf out of your book. You know Mrs. Doubleback?'

'No, I don't.'

'Yes, you do. You took her off for a guinea; and now that I have worked a little upon the nose, to give it a touch of the Grecian!'

'Grecian! why it is a snub, an absolute dumping—and quite an amiable dumping too!'

'Precisely. That's why it wanted Grecianizing. My dear fellow, you would not know it again—the very children said they would not know it again. But the thing is this: Mrs. Doubleback has an extensive circle of acquaintances, and half a score of them are dying to have their portraits taken in the style of our joint work. This seemed, in fact, the beginning of a pretty business looming out upon us—with high art in the background. I at once

made arrangements for reopening the studio; and as, of course, I would not leave you out in what you originated yourself, I called at your lodgings—was directed here—and, I declare to you, I was like to drop when I found you with "Oaklands, Clear-starcher," over the door! Here's a metamorphosis, thought I. If it had been carpenter, or glazier, or house painter, I'd have thought nothing of it; but for a young fellow like him to take to clear-starching is astounding; and I am glad to find the area grated over that I might look in at the window—when, of course, Margery's comely face reassured me. Here's to you, Cousin Margery! Now take a sip, old girl?

On hearing Driftwood's explanation, Robert was not so much concerned for the victim of high art, for he knew that a guinea portrait, dashed off in his rattling way, would *pay*, and he was in hopes that, with the assistance of his old patroness—the same who had struck off the odd shilling—Driftwood might be able to form a connection wide enough to enable him to live. In fact, his friend's situation was somewhat peculiar; so much so as to account both for his delusion and disappointment. His signs, when viewed at some little distance, did actually bear a very striking resemblance to gallery pictures painted on wood; and his gallery pictures, on their part, could hardly be conjectured to be anything else than signs painted on canvas. For his own part, however, Robert was determined to hold by an employment which he looked upon as more artistic than copying the externals of vulgar faces, and Grecianizing snub-noses; and in the intervals of mechanical labour, to give himself up to literature.

A long conversation ensued, during which the artist applied himself zealously to the hot water. He made many attempts to shake his friend's resolution to have nothing to do with the portrait business; and he was more anxious to lead him into a more dignified way of life than the one he had chosen, when he heard of his position in relation to the Falcontowers.

'You don't know the world, my boy,' said he. 'Those Falcontowers are proud; and even if the modern antique cabinet you are constructing was actually the poem in wood you would make it out to be, you would still be in their eyes a mechanic. Their interest lies entirely in the political way and the idea of such people exercising it in favour of a mechanic is absurd.'

'I do not mean to put them to the test,' replied Robert. 'If I am not destined to succeed in literature, they can do me no good; and if I am it is as an author they will acknowledge me, not as a mechanic. I have no intention to repeat my visits at their house just now—I will not even let them know my address. I have proved to myself the hollowness of the superstition that met me on all hands—that an *introduction* to an editor is necessary. I suspected it to be a superstition because the idea is irrational. Literary wares, when the question is of printing and publishing are just like any other

wares; the purchaser will take the article best suited to his purpose without caring a straw whether the dealer presents him with a recommendation or not. This may not have been so much the case formerly; but in our day literature and publishing are crowded professions, and in the midst of the eagerness of competition, people are not such fools as to stand upon antiquated and useless ceremony. It is my intention, then, to go on with the experiment I have so favorably begun; and if I ever advance so far as to support myself by literature alone, I will take my chance of being able to recall my name to the remembrance of Miss Falcontower and her father. In the meantime, I prefer what you call a mechanical employment, to your own, because it is less dependent upon the caprice of employers. A steady, skilful workman holds his place of right, and has no need to flatter snub-noses.'

'Very well,' said Driftwood, who had been sipping absently a new dose of the hot water, 'take your own way, my lad. Ambition is the fault of some natures; it is the fault of mine. Only to think of the fatality that pursues me! Signs and gallipots, however, have no chance in the long run; high art will have me. How can I help it? I let them pull and go just as I am dragged. One day on a ladder, another in a studio; isn't it queer? If that rascally boy would only be in the way to open the door; but there's another fatality—he never will. Margery, old girl, stick to the clear-starching. You have a cousin, it is true, who is one of the modern masters; but he don't despise clear starching. On the contrary, he will look in every now and then of an evening and take his gin and water with you, precisely as he would do if you were a countess—a countess, Margery, in your own right. I say, Oaklands, I'll give your compliments to my friend Sir Vivian the next time I see him. And you'll see him, too, sooner than you think for. Good-night, old fellow?'

After he had left the house with overdone steadiness, a tap made them look up, and with some amusement they saw his nose describing, as artistically as before, a wide circle on the window pane. The artist beckoned gravely to his cousin and she went out.

'Margery,' said he, 'I want to know who that young fellow is. You wrote to me that he was a young gentleman; and his words are high—but his notions confoundedly low. Who and what is he?'

'He is a gentleman,' replied Margery, 'but I cannot tell what gentleman—at least not yet. It will come out in time, never fear!'

'Why is his name Oaklands?'

'Never mind his name, John. Oaklands does as well to be called by as any other name.'

'Then it is to be a mystery?'

'Of course a mystery till the denowment. I wish I was as sure of a hundred pounds as he is of—no matter what. But it will all come out in time, John—I give you my word for that. I was never mistaken in anything of the kind in my life.'

'Very well, Margery; do you think he would

take it kind if I went back and took another glass with him?"

"Not to-night, John—another night will do better."

"Then give my compliments to Mr. Oaklands, and tell him—with Mr. D.'s compliments—that I don't look down on clear-starching. Good-night, cousin Margery."

The reopening of the studio disarranged Robert's plans completely, for it preserved uninterrupted the line of communication between the Falcontowers and him; and immediately on the return of the family to town he received from them, through Driftwood, a brief note, written very carefully in a fashionable female hand. It contained only these words:—"Sir Vivian and Miss Falcontower having now returned to town, will be happy to see Mr. Oaklands as usual." This, he felt, considering all things, to be stiff enough; but, on second thoughts, it seemed kinder than a formal invitation to dinner. It placed him on the footing of an habitu , and signified that his company was considered desirable, whether on special occasions or not. He determined to obey the summons without loss of time, and to bring with him something that should prove to Miss Falcontower that he had not been altogether disheartened by the coldness with which she had evidently regarded his attempt to paint her portrait. This was a likeness, on a small scale, of Mrs. Margery, whereon he had bestowed infinite pains, and in which, in his own opinion, he had reduced to practice that theory the young lady in her conversation with her father, as the reader may remember, had considered indicative, by its very subtlety, of the want of artistic genius.

Again he found himself in the magnificent drawing-room, and again the same slow and gliding figure came up the long vista. Entirely the same. No country bloom, no glow of travel, no new feeling, no awakened thought, was visible on that lovely cheek. Time appeared to stand still with her; and Robert, as on a former occasion, could have fancied that the intervening month was a dream, and that in reality he had parted with her on that spot only the day before. Claudia's observation of her visitor was very different. There was now an independence in his air, an almost overbearing look in his proud eyes, like that of one who feels his place in the world, and presses on to a known future. His simplicity of character, however, remained, and that was the grand distinction between the two, for in reality there was much that was congenial in their natures, placed so far apart by the action of circumstances. This simplicity she comprehended only as one comprehends a character of high romance, remote from the reality of life, and it had therefore a poetical charm for her imagination, which frequently, in her solitary musings, and in the pauses of the artificial world, brought him before her like a phantom. She had read the change in his air and aspect even before her eyes were near enough to lighten with their accustomed radiance on his face, and she put her hand into his with unmistak-

able cordiality, as if she had said: "Well done, brave spirit!"

"I have read your paper," said she, when the stereotyped phrases had been hurried over, "and there is much in it I admire. I am myself only a woman, and surrounded with conventionalities as with a net-work; but I can sympathise in the outspeaking of a high, strong spirit, even when it is directed against my own tastes or prejudices, and even when its aspirations are impossibilities. You still follow art, I see?"

"I have brought you this portrait to look at. It proves, in my opinion, that, with good training and steady industry, I might become a painter; but it has likewise demonstrated that the attempt at present would be vain, since this piece has cost more time and thought than could be compensated by ten times the price it would bring as the production of an unknown artist."

"It is indeed full of promise," said Claudia, who did not seem displeased at the failure of his hopes; "and it shows me practically what your notion of the ideal is. This is the etherealised face of a comely, comfortable woman below the middle class, and is too poetical, I fear, to be true."

"It is on its poetical truth I pique myself. I have tried to express in it natural affection, elevated, or at least changed, from an instinct to a sentiment, and overpread with a colouring of romantic feeling."

"It was a brave attempt," said Claudia, with one of her smile-flashes, containing on this occasion a tinge of the sarcastic; "and considering the difficulty of the object, far from unsuccessful. If you will leave it with me for a while, I may be able to collect some opinions for you. But, since your pictures are not remunerative, you have probable extended your literary connection?"

"No: I am trying a new subject of importance for the work you have seen; and the little money I require for my support, I obtain by handicraft employment." Claudia was too high bred to start, but she *looked* instead, and her eyes glanced involuntarily at the splendid room. "I am aware," continued Robert, breaking into a downright smile, "that I am here out of my place; but what is to be done? While trying my fortune in literature and art, I must live, and I cannot exercise a very arbitrary choice as to the means. If instead of using taste, ingenuity, and power of research I may possess in constructing a cabinet, I had recourse to the gaming-table, or the betting-room, or even to the den of the picture-copier, that would not be looked upon as throwing any obstacle in the way of my access to the drawing room: but surely I have chosen the more respectable and honourable means of living!"

"You are eccentric, Mr. Oaklands," said Claudia, recovering, "that is all: you are only reducing to practice your own theory of respect for work."

"Respect for work," added Robert, "in its own way and place. If I were only a mechanic, I should be entitled to respect only in my own station, and it would be absurd in me to

be here for any other purpose than that of taking your orders; but I claim to be an aspirant of literature and art, and while my experiments are in progress, I choose to support myself by honourable rather than dishonourable labour. There is no substantial reason why the work of the hands should be reckoned degrading in an old community any more than in a new; and if our gentry enabled their sons, by means of polytechnic schools, to make the election I have made, there would be far less risk than there now is of England's greatness being overtopped by that of younger nations.'

'Well, then,' said Claudia with undisguised warmth, 'you are *not* eccentric, but only manly and high-minded, and you will be welcome in this room even if you write upon your door, "Robert Oaklands, cabinet-maker!"'

This was in reality what it seemed to be—a burst of generous feeling; although Claudia at the same time knew very well that the business of the present meeting was to propose something to him which should take the place of his present occupations, cabinet-making and all. As the time of which we write is our own, it would be disturbing the genial feelings we wish to inspire, to enter into political questions, and explain the position of Sir Vivian in connection with a ministry of which he was not a member. It will be sufficient to say that his family influence was strongly reinforced by services he was but little able to perform in his own person—services that were directed rather than aided by an astute and somewhat unscrupulous mind, which owed all its happier inspirations to one who passed in society for merely an accomplished, beautiful, and somewhat eccentric young woman. If it was our hint to speculate on such mysteries, we might venture to surmise that to her anomalous *métier* of politics Claudia owed the ruin of those hopes that are usually dearer to a woman; but, at all events, there appeared in her present enterprise to be nothing that was likely to introduce dissension between her and her new ally, for the measures that required the aid of an energetic yet philosophical pen, were instalments, at least, of those which Robert conceived to be essential to national safety and national progress.

Let it not be understood, however, that Claudia developed her plans, or exhibited her own position, with any suddenness that could startle, or any obtrusiveness that could suggest an idea of the unfeminine. She led him to her father in his book-room, as an elegant library was humbly styled, and in the conversation that ensued, took a very moderate part when she took any at all. The interview terminated in Robert's abandoning his present pursuits, both intellectual and mechanical, and giving himself up for the time to political literature. This, Sir Vivian, for his own sake—for so the understanding ran—put it into his power to do by the grant of a very small pecuniary subsidy, while he held out the prospect, that at some future time, when the anonymous could be advantageously dropped, and Robert's services to brought forward in the aggregate to back

his own family influence, the ministry would be unable to refuse him, what he could honourably demand—a respectable post in public business. Our adventurer, knowing the embarrassed circumstances of Sir Vivian, was unwilling, if it could have been avoided, to impinge upon his means at all; but he was somewhat reassured by the exceeding smallness of the sum proposed. He was, as yet, ignorant of the economy practised as a rule in such matters by great men, whose most favoured dependents are very little to be envied on the score of present profit. He was not long of learning, however, that the salary of the ostensible private secretary of even the first grandees of the kingdom is rarely, if ever, more than three hundred pounds a year. This position, or anything like it, he did not himself hold. He was to be considered rather as an almost amateur labourer, writing out his own theories, which chanced to tally with the practical plans of Sir Vivian Falcon-tower and the government.

The intimacy which this connection occasioned between Claudia and the young author was of a very peculiar kind. It seemed at first to be merely a contact of the two intellectual natures; but opinions even on the most abstruse subjects are so much modified by personal character, that in order to comprehend the one it is necessary to study the other. Literature, besides, is a sort of free-masonry, which sets aside conventionalities, and brings individuals together on a common ground, and with a more than common sympathy; and thus it happened that in that quiet room, where Sir Vivian was only occasionally present, the waif of the common and the high-born and high-spirited woman of fashion came very soon to stand upon equal terms. Claudia at first attempted to play the dictator, and was surprised, and, indeed, a little ruffled, to find that she was unsuccessful. But what could she do? The conventionalism that was by turns her tyrant and her tool, was here wanting, and in its stead a straightforward simplicity there was no getting over. The unselfish view, the noble aspirations, which met her at every point, could not be treated with ridicule *here*. They must be encountered, and with no other defensive armour than the cold materialism of the world. And what was even worse, she must stand the calm soft gaze of his eyes, which, instead of being awed or confused, plunged through the most brilliant flashes of hers, and seemed to penetrate to her very soul. She became, in fact, afraid of him; but her fear had the effect of fascination, and the haughty beauty, whose presence would have been looked upon as an illumination in any drawing-room in the kingdom, came hither day after day to gleam like a taper by the side of a torch.

On his part, Robert was far from underrating this charming and accomplished woman. He found in her knowledge of the world everything he himself wanted, and relied with absolute confidence upon her nice tact and exquisite discrimination. But he felt that there was something between them—something apart from station and worldly distinction. Claudia felt



this too; and she was curious to know what it was that enabled this strange young man to gaze calmly into eyes that had confounded before now the noble and the proud. Not that the young man could be to her anything more than an object of abstract speculation; the idea was preposterous, and the high-born and haughty beauty flushed with shame as it was suggested by her father remarking casually one day on the interest she appeared to take in his protégé. The interest, notwithstanding, did not diminish, and she would have given much to know what the impassible being really thought of her.

'I sometimes wonder, Mr. Oaklands,' said she at length, 'what your real opinion is of one you have found so different from yourself. It can hardly be complimentary, yet I am able to stand the truth, and I am sure from you I shall hear it.'

'I flatter myself,' replied Robert, 'that the difference between us is far from being great—that, irremediable as it may be, it is merely accidental. I see many bright and glorious things in your original nature, which I would fain have some part in myself. I see the germs of high thoughts and noble actions, requiring only opportunity to spring; and I see the mental faculties, keen, polished, perfect, ready for the loftiest uses. But'—

'Ah, that but?'

'All this I see through an incrustation, that has gathered round them, forming no part of your real character, entirely distinct from your natural nature, and the result alone of the gradual deposits of the conventional world in which it has been your lot to live from child-

hood; yet an incrustation—though of crystalline transparency to the eyes that are privileged to observe you in your unguarded moments—as hard and smooth and strong as adamant. For myself, my nature is sufficiently like your own to enable me at least to appreciate and admire it; but the circumstances in which I have had my being have left me to some extent in the state of unsophisticated rudeness in which I was born.'

'But that incrustation,' said Claudia in a low voice, 'which is the barrier between our souls—is there no chemistry to dissolve—no force to break it in pieces?'

'By force it might be broken in pieces; by the same force that shattered your fortunes, that hurled you from station to power, and placed you on the low platform of life to struggle with the common crowd. As for chemistry, the romancers would tell you, on that point, of the Universal Solvent, a delusion, in its material form, of the dreaming alchemists, but existing as an actual entity in moral science—a power fit to disintegrate your moral self, to precipitate as dregs everything incidental, artificial, conventional, and leave your original nature pure, sparkling, and beautiful—an unguent that, when applied to those radiant eyes, would enable them to see treasures in the earth richer than the hoards of a thousand kings. And to this enchantment the romancers would give a name you have met with in poetry and fiction, admiring without feeling, worshipping without faith the idolum it designated—the name of Love. But'—

'Ah, but again!'

'But I am no romancer.'

COBBETT'S REASONS FOR WAR AGAINST RUSSIA IN DEFENCE OF TURKEY (Cobbett) is a reprint of articles from the celebrated 'Register.' This sturdy Saxon saw from the outset, with a depth of insight rare in his day, the fallacy of the Greek Question. Here are his opinions in 1829, as expressed in a letter to the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Navarino, and after the Duke had expressed his deep regret at that "untoward" affair, which Cobbett more emphatically describes as "a blunder-headed battle." The words read like prophecy:—

"I, from the very first, was hostile to the 'Greek Cause,' notwithstanding I received from some of my readers, men whom I greatly respected, scores of remonstrances, some verbal and some written. My answer always was this:—Russia is at the bottom of the Greek rebellion; Russia wants a pretence for obtaining a firm footing in the Mediterranean; Russia has immense power; but the Turks keep her back from approaching the south of Europe. The Turks hold the keys which lock her out of the Mediterranean; the ice of the Baltic locks her up on that side; hitherto she has been unable to render efficient aid in clipping the wings of England on the sea, though she has been endeavouring to lend such aid ever since

the armed neutrality during the American rebel war; but, if we be fools enough to lend our aid in what is called the liberation of Greece, European Turkey will be greatly shaken; Greece will decidedly be for Russia, whose religion is the same as that of Greece; Russia will, in spite of us, have naval stations in the Mediterranean and in the Levant."

The re-appearance of these strong, muscular, ringing articles is very opportune. Cobbett knew how to hit an opponent very hard; in this case every blow goes home.—*Athenæum*.

PASH-EGGS.—During the fifteen days after Easter, which are the Russian Carnival, they have eggs dyed all manner of colours, which they send or give in presents to each other; and when they meet during this time they salute with these words, *Christo vos Chrest*, Christ is risen; to which the other having answered *Woistin vos Chrest*, He is certainly risen, they kiss one another; he that salutes first is obliged to present the other with an egg; nobody, of whatever condition or sex, daring to refuse the egg or kiss. The people of quality have them covered with gold or silver leaf, or very curiously painted both outside and in.—PETER HENRY BRUCE.



From the Athenæum.

*The Complete Poetical Works of William Cullen Bryant; collected and arranged by Himself. With an Introductory Essay on his Genius and Writings. By GEORGE GILLILLAN. Knight & Son.*

There is no edition of one of the soundest and soberest of the American poets, under the guardianship of the loudest and most extravagant of British "editors"—the gentleman of whom it has been said, that "he thinks himself a great painter because he paints with a big brush." The Rev. "Gorgeous" Gillfillan gives us a taste of his special quality in an introductory essay; but as he fails to throw any particular light on the subject in hand, and as Mr. Bryant is already sufficiently known and valued in this country to render such recommendations unnecessary, we open the volume only for the purpose of presenting to our readers two of the "Later Poems,"—with which it is possible they may not yet have made acquaintance. Those who have not will surely thank us for introducing to them the following graceful American ballad:—

*The White-footed Deer.*

It was a hundred years ago,  
When, by the woodland ways,  
The traveller saw the wild deer drink,  
Or crop the birchen sprays.  
Beneath a hill, whose rocky side  
O'erbrowed a grassy mead,  
And fenced a cottage from the wind,  
A deer was wont to feed.  
She only came when on the cliffs  
The evening moonlight lay,  
And no man knew the secret haunts  
In which she walked by day.  
White were her feet, her forehead showed  
A spot of silvery white,  
That seemed to glimmer like a star  
In autumn's hazy night.  
And here, when sang the whip-poor-will,  
She cropped the sprouting leaves,  
And here her rustling steps were heard  
On still October eves.  
But when the broad midsummer moon  
Rose o'er that grassy lawn,  
Beside the silver-footed deer  
There grazed a spotted fawn.  
The cottage dame forbade her son  
To aim the rifle here;  
"It were a sin," she said, "to harm  
Or fright that friendly deer."  
"This spot has been my pleasant home  
Ten peaceful years and more:  
And ever, when the moonlight shines,  
She feeds before our door."  
"The red men say that here she walked  
A thousand moons ago:  
They never raise the war-whoop here,  
And never twang the bow."  
"I love to watch her as she feeds,  
And think that all is well,

While such a gentle creature haunts  
The place in which we dwell."

The youth obeyed, and sought for game  
In forests far away,  
Where, deep in silence and in moss,  
The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time,  
He ranged the wild in vain,  
Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,  
And wandered home again.

The crescent moon and crimson eve  
Shone with a mingling light;  
The deer, upon the grassy mead,  
Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,  
And from the cliffs around  
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp  
Gave back its deadly sound.

Away into the neighbouring wood  
The startled creature flew,  
And crimson drops at morning lay  
Amid the glimmering dew.

Next evening shewn the waxing moon  
As sweetly as before;  
The deer upon the grassy mead  
Was seen again no more.

But ere that crescent moon was old,  
By night the red man came  
And burnt the cottage to the ground,  
And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the mead  
And hid the cliffs from sight;  
There shrieks the hovering hawk at dawn,  
And prowls the fox at night.

Here, too, is a charming Song from  
Spanish—

SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH OF IGLESIAS.

Alexis calls me cruel:  
The rifted crags that hold  
The gathered ice of winter,  
He says are not more cold.  
When even the very blossoms  
Around the fountain's brim,  
And forest walks, can witness  
The love I bear to him.  
I would that I could utter  
My feelings without shame;  
And tell him how I love him,  
Nor wrong my virgin fame.  
Alas! to seize the moment  
When heart inclines to heart,  
And press a suit with passion,  
Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather  
The roses where they stand,  
They fade among their foliage:  
They cannot seek his hand.

The volume has some designs by Mr. Gilbert, in which, as is now too common with that clever artist, facility and confidence running rank have produced insipid and characterless results.

